

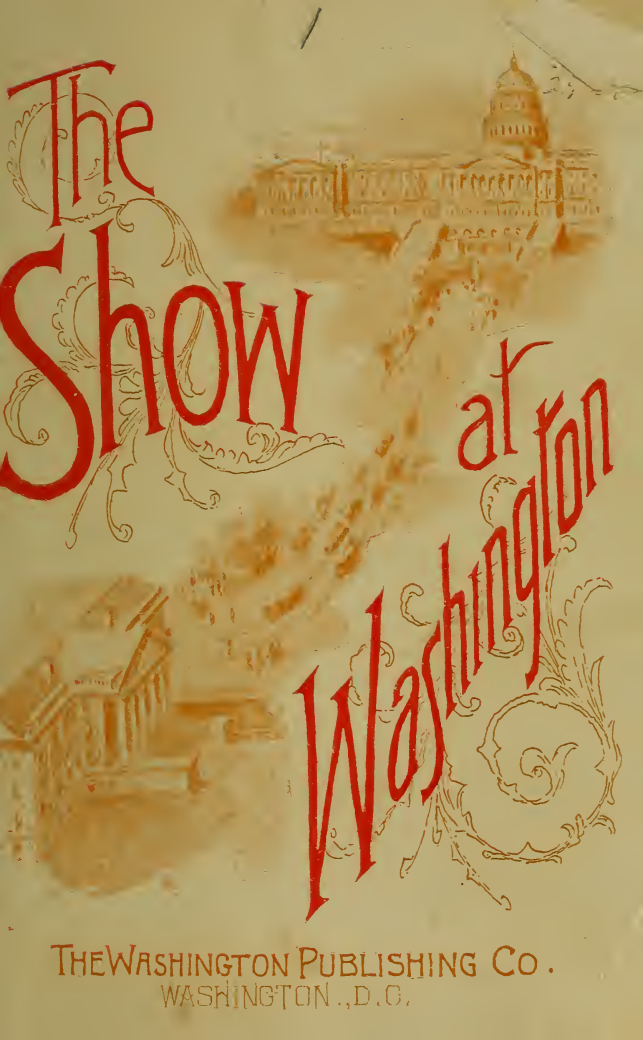


Class F199

Book . C77

Copyright N^o

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT



The Show at Washington

THE WASHINGTON PUBLISHING CO.
WASHINGTON, D.C.



THE SHOW AT WASHINGTON.

BY

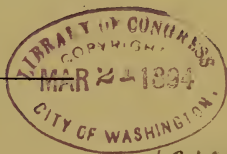
LOUIS ARTHUR COOLIDGE

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT NEW YORK RECORDER

AND

JAMES BURTON REYNOLDS

WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENT BOSTON ADVERTISER



WASHINGTON PUBLISHING COMPANY

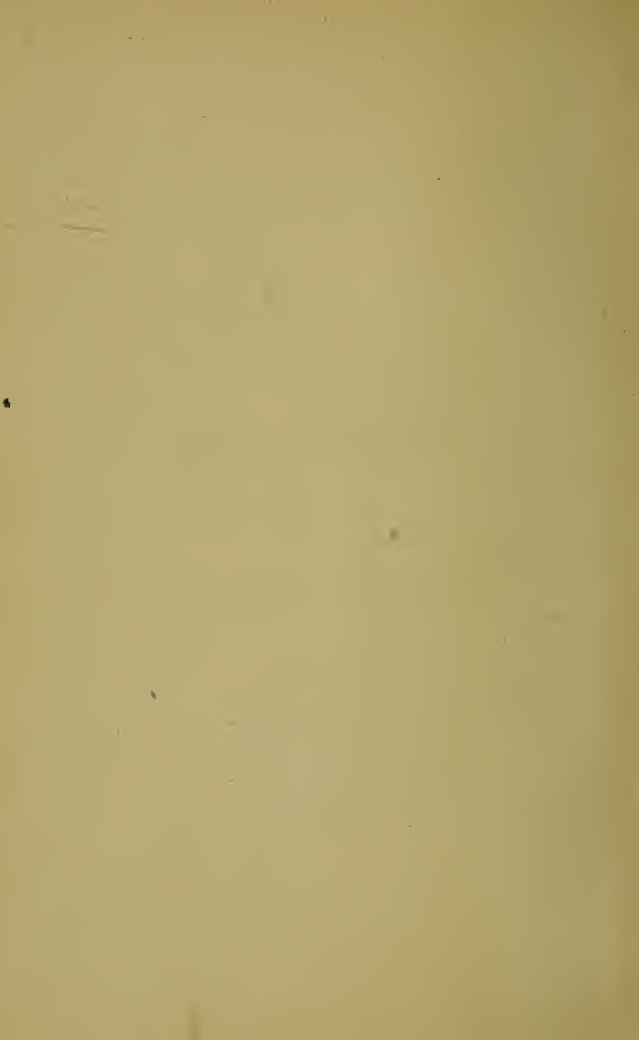
WASHINGTON, D. C.

1894

12102-2
10

CONTENTS.

	PAGE
WHITE HOUSE WAYS	5
AROUND GROVER'S COUNCIL BOARD . .	18
SKETCHED IN THE SENATE	32
PAT AND PERSONAL	48
ANGLES AND CURVES	64
AT THE TABLE AND AT THE BAR . . .	80
NINE BLACK BUNDLES OF LAW	92
SMOKE TALKS	102
IN THE SPEAKER'S EYE	118
HOKE, "SHAN," STERLING AND "DAN"	134
TOLD AFTER ADJOURNMENT	148
OUR MIDWAY PLAISANCE	165
IN THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB	182
HEARD IN THE CLOAK-ROOM	194
ORATORICAL ODDITIES	213
SNAP SHOTS AT RANDOM	229



THE SHOW
AT
WASHINGTON.

OVERTURE.

JUST a word before the curtain rises. The characters are men you all know; you hear of them, read of them, think of them every day. In this word-comedy they will appear before you as they actually exist; you will see them as they really look; can hear them talk and watch them move. If some of their remarks or some of their actions are a surprise, remember that they are playing in the broad glare of that strongest of calciums, the Washington atmosphere, which brings out every characteristic and reveals some that have been hidden from public view by the make-up brush and the wig. It is a true sketch of Washington life, a picture of the every-day existence of the men who make laws, fame and trouble at the Nation's Capital. The motive of the piece is charity to all and malice towards none. The scenery is taken from life and the stage settings are real.

THE SHOW

AT

WASHINGTON.

WHITE HOUSE WAYS.

DURING Mr. Cleveland's former administration Judge Holman, of Indiana, escorted to the White House an aged but vivacious maiden lady of seventy, a niece of John Quincy Adams, who had spent her childhood there. She entered the East Room.

Looking round in bewilderment, she exclaimed: "What, is this really the same old

room? Why, there used to stand a meal barrel, and in yonder corner were the washtubs, and from there over to there," pointing with her parasol, "a clothes-line was stretched, and in this corner we kept our playthings."

The old lady was right. To-day the White House is greatly changed for the better from the time when the Presidents of far-away history occupied it. But it has already become too small and too old-fashioned in its construction and arrangement to be a proper home for the President of the United States.

Mr. Cleveland, during his hours of business, sits at a massive desk constructed of oak timber taken from the ship "Resolute," which was sent to the Arctic regions in 1852 by the English government to search for Sir John Franklin. The desk was presented to the United States by England some dozen years ago for use in the Executive Mansion.

As Mr. Cleveland sits before this historic desk, busy over his work, he is a very different man from the Grover Cleveland who en-

tered the White House in 1885. At the time he was first inaugurated he was a poor man, and he is now a rich one; he then despised social life, now he courts it.

When Mr. Cleveland first came to Washington his tastes were all of the plainest character. He believed in most thorough Jeffersonian simplicity. When he came to the city to be inaugurated the second time it was in a palace on wheels, a special train of luxurious private cars. At the time he was made President in 1885 he thought nothing about society as such except to shun it. He was strongly averse to entering a drawing-room, was a stranger to dinner parties, and he had looked upon the receptions which he was obliged to give as Governor of the State of New York as the drawbacks of his official life. He had them carried out in the most perfunctory manner.

Eight years ago Cleveland's wealth amounted perhaps to fifty thousand dollars—no more. Now he is a rich man—very rich—taking into account the short time which has elapsed, and

to-day his property, as estimated by the assessors' books of New York, will amount to over a quarter of a million.

Up to within a couple of years he has lived in no luxurious way, but about two years ago he began an entirely new course of existence.

Mr. Cleveland has three great friends ; and a queer trio they are. The friends are E. C. Benedict, of New York, the banker and broker ; Joe Jefferson, the actor ; and Richard Watson Gilder, the poet. Mr. Benedict is a Yankee, whose success has been made outside of Yankeeland, and is represented entirely by dollars and cents. There is a strong tie between Cleveland and Benedict from the fact that each has achieved the ambition of his boyhood.

When Grover Cleveland was a fat little boy at Fayetteville he wrote an essay in school one day, and pointed out the fact that George Washington and Thomas Jefferson had both, by improving their time, become Presidents of the United States. Evidently his ambition lay in the same direction, and he has succeeded.

Mr. Benedict as a boy was very fond of boats.

He longed to become a millionaire and own a big sail boat. He, too, has succeeded.

Mr. Benedict first became interested in Grover Cleveland's personality by reading his speeches, and gradually went from the Republican party over to the Democratic. Cleveland and Benedict became acquainted early in the period of four years which succeeded the inauguration of Harrison. Mr. Cleveland was at that time very fond of Joe Jefferson; Mr. Benedict's great friend was Edwin Booth; and Benedict and Cleveland were brought together by these two grand old men of the American stage. Benedict used to take Booth in his yacht, and Cleveland used to fish in Buzzard's Bay, overlooked by Joe Jefferson's house.

The Benedict-Cleveland intimacy grew. Mr. Benedict took the ex-President off on his yacht. In fact, he transformed that vessel into a ferry boat to take his friend wherever he wanted to go.

The Gilders lived at Marion, Mass., when Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland were three, and their

friendship started at that time. It has been said that Mr. Gilder first loved Cleveland because he thought Cleveland would make him Minister to Spain, and because he thought it would be appropriate for him to go to Spain as Washington Irving had done. But whatever was the cause, each month saw the two men better friends and more constant companions.

President Cleveland has never been able to make use of many of the appliances of modern civilization in order to lessen the drudgery of his daily toil. Everything that he accomplishes he has to work out laboriously in his own way. He has never acquired the knack of getting other people to do his work for him, and he does not depend upon his subordinates even in the most insignificant details.

He absorbs nothing and takes nothing on trust. It is more difficult for him to dictate a letter than it is to write it out with his own hand. There are three stenographers in the White House, but he rarely makes use of any of them. Even when it comes to the mechanical process of putting his messages into shape he

neglects to call any of his amanuenses to his assistance, but bends laboriously over his writing desk night after night until the documents are completed, and then turns them over to the copyists to make legible duplicates for transmission to Congress.

President Harrison dictated almost all the personal letters to which he attached his signature, and he also dictated his messages after jotting down the rough notes.

This inability of Mr. Cleveland to delegate details to others is perhaps one of the reasons for his seclusion from the public.

The President never walks abroad. Not since he was inaugurated for the second time has he been seen upon the streets of Washington. President Harrison was accustomed to take an almost daily walk, and his tightly-buttoned figure was a familiar sight to the residents of the city.

But Mr. Cleveland does not even go to church. The public is never informed of his contemplated movements, and his departures from the White House are so timed as to be

unobserved by any except the regular force of domestics and policemen.

Mr. Cleveland's multitudinous and multifarious duties of state so engross his daily moments that he cannot devote much time to his personal attire. The executive sleeves may be worn glossy and the braid of his historic Prince Albert become frayed without exciting his attention.

Mrs. Cleveland, however, supervises the President's wardrobe very carefully, and when she considers it necessary that new habiliments should garb the President's form she quietly informs him that he should be measured for them.

So in spite of the great stress of public affairs burdening the executive mind a Washington tailor slips into the White House every little while long enough to be closeted with the President on this momentous question.

Mrs. Cleveland has a fad. She is an enthusiastic amateur photographer, and she has a remarkably fine collection of photographs

which she has taken herself. She took up the art and the kodak simultaneously during her early days at the White House, and many of her most interesting views were taken in the Executive Mansion. Since that time she has become much more proficient. She now has a pretentious camera, and is constantly adding to her photographic outfit.

She has a large collection of views taken at Buzzard's Bay and along the Massachusetts coast, and many New York views and bits of country and mountain scenery.

Mr. Cleveland's outfit of carriages is much more pretentious than was that of any of his predecessors. There are five of them, each a perfect specimen of the builder's art, constructed in the latest style. There is a black landau, with green trimmings, for which \$2000 was paid; a brougham, worth \$1500; a stylish victoria, in which the President and Mrs. Cleveland drive on bright days; Mrs. Cleveland's phaeton, which was made to order, with a coachman's rumble behind, at a cost of \$1000;

and a surrey, which is the vehicle most used by the President himself.

The White House stable contains four large bays, two of which are for the use of Mr. Cleveland and two expressly for Mrs. Cleveland. They are all handsome animals, and were bought early in the present administration. Don Dickinson is entitled to the credit for selecting them.

The President writes his messages in piecemeal, using a pad and a pen. He takes up the different subjects one by one, and at last fits the bits into the mosaic which constitutes the document as prepared for the Government printer. He is a remarkably ready penman. His hand is small and cramped, but he writes rapidly and he revises little. He has a good command of language, and he likes out-of-the-way expressions.

The White House mail contains every day between seventy-five and one hundred letters addressed to Mrs. Cleveland. Her correspondence is as burdensome as is that of the most

energetic business woman in the United States, and a great deal more extensive than that of the average business man.

With comparatively few exceptions the effusions come from people in whom she can have no earthly interest. Most of them are written by women. The feminine mind seems to recoil from inditing correspondence to the President in person.

The daily mails are full of pathos, as well as humor. Want, misery and beggary find their way into the White House with heart-touching appeals. Pleas for money, for advice and even for clothing are received there almost daily. They seldom reach the eyes of the amiable woman for whom they are intended. It would be too great a burden for her and too severe a strain upon her sympathies.

Mr. Cleveland never wears gloves. At least, nobody has ever been able to see them on his hands. He has worn no gloves at church the few times he has been there since his inauguration, and when he is seen riding he wears none. Even on his inauguration day, which

was bitterly cold, he was not only bare-headed, but bare-handed, as he faced the northwest wind and flying snow to consecrate himself again to the American people.

When Miss Ruth Cleveland goes out to play in the rear of the White House a procession of considerable size emerges from the door of the Executive Mansion, and the whole proceeding is marked with a great deal of formality. First comes the nurse with an armful of toys, then a policeman, then two dogs, then another nurse holding Miss Ruth by the hand and then one of the White House guards. The procession is always formed in the same way, and it makes its appearance in the garden of the White House daily in any weather short of a blizzard.

Miss Ruth's favorite toy is an immense baby carriage, with an elaborate white silk parasol, a present from an admirer away out in California, and a wonder both in size and workmanship. She gets most amusement, however, in disfiguring the gravel walks of the White House grounds with a little common ten-cent

spade. Red is Ruth's color. Her spade, her bucket, her tin pail and her cart are all of this hue; and she generally wears a red cloak and hat.

Her great pets are the two dogs, a beautiful Scotch collie and a black and tan terrier. When Miss Cleveland is at play the White House gates in the rear of the house are securely locked, and the little lady is visible only from the windows of the Treasury Department across the way.

The "White House cocktail" is a plain whiskey,—only just twice as large as an ordinary whiskey. There is only one establishment in America where it is served.

AROUND GROVER'S COUNCIL BOARD.

THE disappointment of the Cabinet is Secretary Carlisle. The Treasury Department does not fit him, and he knows it; he is not well adapted to its executive duties, and he knows that, too. He longs for his old seat in the Senate, he longs for his old place in the Speaker's chair, but above all, he longs for a right to wear a black gown and sit on the Supreme bench. Carlisle's strength as a public man consists, not so much in any particular capacity as a constructive legislator, as in the logical quality of his mind. In the realm of pure reason he is probably not excelled by any of his contemporaries; his mind is limpid, clear and crystalline; his methods of reasoning are never involved or complicated; he possesses a power of luminous statement which gives to his political

utterances the judicial quality of a decision from a bench. While he was Speaker his rulings, delivered frequently without preparation and with little opportunity for consideration, were models of conciseness and completeness.

Carlisle is a lawyer by instinct ; his mind is adapted by nature to the comprehension of legal principles. If he had taken his rise among the Tennessee mountains, a hundred miles from a law book, he might have created the elements of the science out of his own inner consciousness, as Pascal is said to have worked his way through the first problems of Euclid before he had ever seen a book on mathematics or been told that there was such a thing as geometry.

But he is as distinctly a failure in the business of politics as he is a success in the science of law. He abhors details and bargains, and is as helpless as a child in the presence of political plots and plans. With all his prestige, it was more through outside pressure than

through any skill of his own that he succeeded in winning the Kentucky Senatorship, and in the Congressional election of 1886 he was caught napping and found his majority whittled down to so fine a point that a contest for his seat was carried into the House, over which he presided as Speaker. If he had known anything about politics he would never have left the Senate, where his fame was secure, in order to become the monumental failure of the Cleveland Cabinet.

There is an old-fashioned courtesy and gentleness in the bearing of the Secretary of the Treasury which make him one of the most delightful and approachable of men. It is the hardest thing in the world for him to deny a favor, and he never treats an inferior with anything but good nature and polite consideration. When by himself he is usually engaged in deep thought, and he has been known to walk the entire length of Pennsylvania avenue in seeming unconsciousness of his surroundings. When in this mood his most intimate friend might pass without a glance of recognition; but even when most deeply absorbed he will

respond easily and without the slightest show of embarrassment to an entire stranger who may venture to address him, and he is ready to launch into conversation upon any topic, no matter how foreign it may be to the subject upon which his mind has been concentrated.

Carlisle is democratic in every fibre of his being ; he makes no outward distinction in individuals and treats his bootblack with as thoughtful courtesy as he would show to one of his colleagues in the Cabinet. He has been seen to give his seat in the street car to a colored girl with a laundry basket, and to do it with as profound a bow and as deferential a touch of the hat as if he were showing attention to the finest lady of the land. He is the only member of the Cabinet who habitually goes into a public barber shop to get shaved. Every day he walks over from the department to a little shop in the basement of the Riggs house, and emerges a few minutes later looking as if he had had his face washed. His inseparable companion is a pinch of fine cut, which he chews with vigor and persistency.

“Joe” Blackburn says that Carlisle is the most remarkable man he ever knew. He declares that the Secretary of the Treasury can tell the contents of a book without looking at it, and give the synopsis of an argument on being told the name of the author.

Secretary Herbert is the only member of the Cabinet who can be called a specialist in his own department. Mr. Herbert is fitted to be Secretary of the Navy and for no other place around Mr. Cleveland's council board. He is a sailor, every inch of him; he knows a ship from masthead to keel; he can box the compass like an old salt and could walk the deck as an admiral or climb the rigging as a sailor. He has sailed before the mast and has been taught the art of seamanship in the school of experience. It is impossible for him to follow the example of Secretary “Dick” Thompson and express surprise at finding a ship hollow, for he knows nautical affairs as well as if he had just finished a course of study down at Annapolis.

For years he has been unconsciously preparing himself for his present position, for in Congress he was chairman of the naval affairs committee, and devoted most of his time to the study of ships and their models. He is the careful man of the Cabinet. He is too careful. He has the Clevelandesque characteristic of not being able to throw upon his subordinates the care of minor matters and insists upon giving his own attention to them. He goes over every paper that comes before him with scrupulous care, tries to keep track of everything that is going on, and cumbers his mind with a lot of wearisome detail which could be attended to just as well by subordinates. It would take him two days to accomplish what Secretary Whitney used to accomplish in as many hours. But then Whitney had marvelous facility in rushing business. He was a wonder as an executive officer.

When Herbert has any work of special importance on hand he always goes home to attend to it. He has the Southern habit of wishing to sit with his feet on his desk and

gossip with all who come to see him. No matter how busy he may be he is too good-natured to decline to see any respectable person who happens to send in a card ; but at home he can shut himself up in his room and dig away without interruption. He goes riding every afternoon, as soon as he can get away from his desk, in a very high old-fashioned top buggy, drawn by two sorrel horses. On these afternoon trips the secretary generally takes along one of his bureau chiefs, with whom he talks over important matters of department business that he has not had time to attend to during the rush of the official day.

He is never so happy as when in his office figuring on the cost of ships to be built by the Government. He likes the work, and ship building is his hobby. He would make a splendid head of a ship yard or an excellent bank cashier. He has a wonderful ability at figures ; he is a regular adding machine, and can foot up a column with lightning rapidity ; he still reads Euclid and trigonometry. In his library there are hundreds of mathematical

works, and he reads them with the zest that others give to the latest magazines. He is simple in his tastes and simple in his habits. His greatest extravagance is for gloves.

Gresham is the first Secretary of State we have ever had who did not allow himself to become submerged in the peculiar atmosphere of the department as soon as he began to breathe it. He is the first man to conceive that there is nothing vitally distinctive or sacred about the place to make it radically different from any other department of the government. The conception is original, and for those who have been accustomed to tread softly and speak in whispers on entering the stately corridors it is refreshing.

Gresham takes hold of the business of state in the same spirit that he might take hold of a big case at law or that he might have grappled with a sizable contract while he was in charge of the postal service. He does not approach diplomatic questions with a feeling of awe, and he does not regard the emissaries of foreign

ad
you
powers as invested with sacred attributes. He regards it as a great joke to keep the representative of a little South American republic cooling his heels in the corridor while he is spinning yarns with Hoosiers in the diplomatic room.

There never was a Cabinet officer who adorned himself with fewer official frills. Not long ago a convention of Baptist clergymen was in town. Gresham had started out to a Cabinet meeting with a lighted cigar in his mouth as usual, and his hat tipped back on his head. Just as he reached the state department elevator he bethought himself of something and went back to his desk to attend to it. He sat down and began writing with hat and cigar still in evidence. While he was writing, in walked a delegation of the reverends. Gresham glanced up, saw that his visitors had no business in particular, turned to his desk again and continued to write and smoke, apparently oblivious of the fact that the sightseers had ranged themselves in the corner of the room and were studying his points and commenting on them with as much freedom as if he had

been a rare specimen from the Smithsonian. Imagine Blaine permitting that, or Bayard, or Frelinghuysen ! But it is the sort of thing that is apt to happen any day with Gresham.

Gresham is suspicious by nature. He trusts nobody, and is always afraid that some one of his subordinates is trying to take advantage of him. If you were to see him in the morning and were to mention incidentally that he had better keep his eye on one of his clerks, the suggestion would sink into his mind. He would think it over until he got to his desk in the department, and by that time he would have concluded that the clerk was a dangerous fellow to have around, and he would promptly chop off his official head. After it was all over he would give the poor fellow a trial and a chance to exonerate himself, but in the meantime the position would have been filled by somebody else.

Gresham is the same outside the department as in. He lives at the Arlington, and he roams about in the lobby in the evening, sits on the sofas under the electric lights and spins yarns.

When he gets to his own room he peels off his coat, unbuttons his vest, throws himself at full length on the sofa, flings his hands over his head and smokes and talks. Sometimes his boots are on, but more often he is in his stocking feet. If anybody knocks at the door he sings out, "Come in," without taking the trouble to get up. And if the new-comer happens to be a stranger it takes the secretary about three minutes to find out who he is, what part of the country he came from, and all about the people, the industries and the crops. He is eternally on the hunt for information, and he levies tribute on every intelligence that floats within reach.

Richard Olney is the discontented member of the Cabinet. He is a victim of Grover Cleveland's capacity for making others sacrifice their own interests to his. Had Olney been gifted with the power of looking into the future he would never have accepted the office of attorney-general. Had he realized what was before him he would not have given up his income of \$50,000 a year as railroad attorney for the

empty honor of being a member of anybody's Cabinet. He does not like his position, and the only thing that cheers him up is the thought that he may some time be able to get out of it. He does not feel at home in an atmosphere where so many statesmen have a pleasant habit of slapping one another on the back and indulging in side-splitting narratives of dubious character.

Olney knows nothing about politics and cares nothing. He labors under the delusion that the principal function of the office of attorney-general ought to be something else than sitting in judgment upon the merits and claims of applicants for \$1200 positions. It is difficult for him to realize that, in becoming the chief law officer of the government, he accepted a position which called for as much political astuteness as legal acumen, and he has wished a hundred times that he was back in his Boston office where he could lock his door to all intruders and devote himself without interruption to the consideration of knotty legal problems and the preparation of masterly briefs.

Mr. Olney has been a corporation lawyer all his life. He has been trained to believe that he owed his first duty to the men who employed him, and that so long as he won their cases in court or gave them unimpeachable legal advice it was of no earthly consequence what sort of an impression he made on the public. He had for years been steeped in an atmosphere of law and logic, and he finds himself out of his element in a position where as much depends on skill in handling men as in laying down incontrovertible principles of law.

The attorney-general works as hard as any member of the Cabinet. The work that he has to do is unpicturesque enough. He is early at his desk in the morning and late in leaving it at night. But out of his office he is still attorney-general. He becomes interested in a case and spends his evenings in looking it up, and devotes his spare time to thinking it out. His hobby is a combination of law and tennis, and he prefers the society of a law book to that of any person in Washington. He is by far the best tennis player in Wash-

ington. In former years he was regarded as one of the best players in the country, and in Boston used to practice with such men as Dwight and Sears. The attorney-general is also fond of base ball in a dignified way. He looks over the diamond with a strictly judicial eye; he weighs the qualities of the two teams carefully, and then looks to see the better team win.

•

SKETCHED IN THE SENATE.

THERE is no more mild-appearing member of the Senate than "Matt" Quay. As he sits calmly and quietly in his seat in the front row it is hard to imagine that he is the man who has so long been the target of newspaper criticism in all parts of the country. With his glasses and quiet air he looks much more like a student or college professor than like the politician he is. He is not a born orator, for, although apparently perfectly at home upon the floor, his voice is very weak, and it is with apparent effort that he makes himself heard throughout the chamber. He has an abundance of confidence in himself. His actions are performed with an air of decision that betokens a perfect self-satisfaction. He is a great reader of newspapers, and each morning his desk is piled high with the principal journals of the country. His is a very noticeable figure in the Senate, for he is the only

member of that august body who does not customarily dress in black. The Pennsylvania Senator's favorite attire is a suit of light blue and gray, and he looks like a bluebird who has by mistake wandered into a flock of crows.

Probably the most regular Senator in his habits is Walthall, of Mississippi. He cannot be induced to keep late hours, and invitations to evening entertainments fall upon barren ground when sent to him. Like our traditional ancestors, he obeys the ancient maxim of early to bed and early to rise. Promptly at nine P. M. he retires, and is awake and sipping a cup of hot coffee by four A. M. A small coffee pot and contents are prepared the night before and placed conveniently near. When the Senator awakes the next morning he makes his coffee himself on a little gas stove while his family and household are peacefully slumbering. After his coffee is finished he smokes a cigar, and is then ready to attend to his Congressional work.

Roger Mills has carried over with him to the Senate all the startling oratorical habits he acquired in the pugilistic atmosphere of the House.

The impulsive Texan has never been able to train himself to the wearing of cuffs. He tried them once when he was going to make a great speech in the House, but as soon as he began to wade into his subject he tore them off with an exclamation of disgust and threw them down in the aisle.

As he warms up in debate he begins to hitch up his coat sleeves in turn, until he has them both rolled up above the elbows, displaying to the galleries an arm length of immaculately white linen and a wrist as round and fair as a woman's.

Picture to yourself a small, red-bearded face that might easily be taken for the countenance of the proprietor of a second-hand clothing establishment, a short form of stocky build, clothed in garments of the latest style and most fashionable cut, the neck adorned with a massive tie of flaming red, and you have before your mind's eye Senator Calvin S. Brice.

Brice lives in New York, but represents an Ohio constituency. He is neither an oratorical nor a working Senator. He is in the Senate principally because it is easier to keep in touch with the Democratic party all over the country from a seat there than from any other point.

He spends most of his time in his retiring-room holding conferences with Hill and Gorman. When he is in his seat during the session he divides his time between talking with Hill, who sits next to him, and reading the New York papers.

The most winsome smile in either branch of Congress is the property of Senator Lindsay, of Kentucky. It is perpetual, irradiating and irresistible, and it gives to its possessor an aspect of everlasting benevolence.

Carlisle's successor is something of an orator, and his speeches are always earnest and frequently impassioned. But no matter how earnest and impassioned they may be, every sentence is embedded in a smile.

He has worn it waking and sleeping, musing

and speaking, until it has become imperishably fixed upon his physiognomy.

Lindsay is one of the best-known men in his section. Some years ago a convention was held in his State to nominate a candidate for the Kentucky Supreme Court. Lindsay was in the State Senate, after having served a term as deputy sheriff. For a time he figured as a candidate for the judgeship.

Believing that he could not be nominated he withdrew, and neither his county nor the adjoining one was represented in the convention. There were a number of candidates. The convention got into a deadlock, and every once in awhile an enthusiastic attorney, of Hopkinsville, would rise, and, half in fun and half in earnest, would nominate William Lindsay.

Along about the fourth day, after this attorney had been told to sit down a hundred times, the convention finally took his persistent advice and nominated Lindsay.

Senator Vilas is in constant trouble over the way in which his name is mispronounced.

Senator Pettigrew, of North Dakota, tells a story of an incident that occurred when they were youngsters practicing law together.

Vilas was pleading a case before a district judge one day, and became very much exasperated at the way in which the court treated him. Finally, he could stand it no longer, and said to the judge: "Sir, you are a jackass."

The judge calmly leaned over his bench, and replied: "That is a statement that may or may not be susceptible of proof. But there is one thing that needs no proof, and which cannot be disproved, and that is that you are a Vil-as."

Peffer bears a peculiar relation to his associates in the Senate.

Nobody takes him seriously, and yet everybody seems to be fond of him. The Kansas Populist is blessed with a sweet and almost child-like disposition, which, coupled with his evident sincerity of purpose, makes distrust or dislike of him out of the question.

Perhaps one secret of his popularity is the fact that he is never in anybody's else way.

Senator Gorman's face would not attract attention as that of a great statesman and a great leader. It is small, smooth-shaven, with clean-cut features and eyes in which one can almost see political schemes evolving.

Gorman is a very short man, rather stout than otherwise, and constantly increasing in weight. He is one of the smallest men, physically, now occupying a seat in the halls of Congress.

When he is pointed out to visitors to the Capitol, especially to those who understand his present power in the Democratic party, the involuntary remark of the stranger is always: "Is that Gorman? I never would have believed it."

One of the best-known figures on the Washington streets is Senator Ransom, of North Carolina. He is a typical Southerner of the old school, and is one of the handsomest men in the Senate. He wears the conventional and becoming soft felt hat of his locality, a black frock coat and a wide expanse of shirt bosom.

He is renowned for having the smallest feet of any member of the Senate. He is very

proud of them, too, and always wears shoes that fit them like a glove. Old members of the Senate say that in former days he was even more debonair than he is to-day.

Now his closely-trimmed black beard is pretty well sprinkled with gray, and his coat sags a little at the corners and shines a little at the seams, as though he didn't care so much for its looks as for the comfort of old friendship that it gives him.

The Chesterfield of the Senate is Aldrich, of Rhode Island. Always perfectly at ease, courteous and responsive, handsome in face and figure, trimly dressed and athletic in bearing, he has many points of resemblance to Chester A. Arthur, and, like the late President, is a man of the world to his finger tips.

If Rhode Island were as big as Ohio, or as far West as Colorado, Aldrich might some day be a Presidential quantity.

As it is he must content himself with being one of the most popular men in the Senate, and one of three or four who manipulate legislation when his party is in control.

“Joe” Blackburn, of Kentucky, is one of the most companionable men in public life. He is endowed with all of the peculiar lovable qualities of the genuine Kentuckian, and any man whose foot ever pressed the blue grass carpet instinctively warms to him.

It must be confessed of Blackburn, though, that a great many things are more congenial to him than the proceedings of the dignified body of which he is an erratic member. He dislikes the routine work and study of statesmanship, and he carries his working library in his hat.

Blackburn says that in his early days he very narrowly escaped becoming a lawyer of great erudition, and that he was rescued by kindly counsel. When he was a youthful practitioner at Lexington the leading criminal lawyer of Northern Kentucky was old “Joe” Baird, of Louisville, a man of meagre education, but possessed of much shrewd sense, and a jury pleader who could not be matched.

One day the young attorney, who had already gained an enviable reputation, paid a visit to the elder’s office. The room was almost bare of furniture. In the middle was a

rickety table, and on the table two well-thumbed books—a copy of the statutes of 1842 and the criminal code.

“Where do you keep your library, Mr. Baird,” inquired the youngster. The old man pointed suggestively to the volumes on the table. “Don’t never buy any books,” he said; “they’ll only bother you.”

Blackburn has always lived up to that advice.

About the best-dressed man in the Senate is Gorman’s protégé, Gibson, of Maryland, or “Charley” Gibson, as he is known to all his friends, and “Terrapin” Gibson, as he is known to those who are not especially intimate with him. There is a strong resemblance between his portrait and the portrait of the late Roscoe Conkling, but the actual resemblance is not so great. He has a portly figure—in fact, so portly that his walk is always leisurely and dignified.

Pettigrew, of South Dakota, lived for many years in Sioux City in a log cabin of his own handiwork. This was not long ago, for the Senator is not now much beyond forty years of

age. He was a Vermont farmer's boy, living many years not far from the New York State line.

When attracted to the West he walked most of the distance to his new home. His first investment of money was a lucky one, for he bought some of the land upon which now stands the best part of Sioux City, and in this his present large fortune had its source.

Shoup, of Idaho, is a fighter. He grew strong fighting among Indians and desperadoes. Born in the East, he started out for Pike's Peak when he was twenty-two years of age, and during the war he was one of the independent scouts of the Colorado volunteers. He has been connected with all the Indians and desperadoes of the West.

On the street Senator Palmer, of Illinois, would never be taken by those who do not know him for a piece of possible Presidential timber. In fact, he would much more probably be selected by bunco men as the most

available candidate for their special mode of treatment.

Wearing at all times a huge slouch hat, which gives him the appearance of having just made his escape from some boundless prairie of the West, with his glistening white chin whisker as the only hirsute adornment of his face, and the most genial of smiles, he looks like a second edition of Joshua Whitcomb in the streets of New York.

Palmer has one great peculiarity. This is his necktie; the peculiarity of the necktie is in its appearance and disappearance. In rainy weather he always wears it, while when the skies are bright he dispenses with it and trusts to his wide whisker to cover this Peffer defect in his toilet.

Senator Peffer, by the way, sits just across the chamber from the Senator from Illinois, and the day has not yet come when both of these distinguished statesmen have worn a necktie at the same time.

Filled to the brim with free coinage ideas is Senator Stewart, of Nevada. His is a striking

figure, and draws the curious eyes of sight-seers. He is a stalwart and stately veteran from snow-capped Nevada, the frosted silver State. Silver white is his hair. Silvered, too, the patriarch's beard that flows over his breast. Yet he still lacks several years of the patriarch's age of three score and ten.

His face is deeply lined, but there is little stoop to the broad shoulders. His cheek is ruddy and his eye is clear. His bearing is genial, but dominant at times to the verge of domineering. He leans on nobody. He forms and asserts his own opinions with racy vigor. He belongs to the grand army of pioneers—to the virgin earth breakers.

He is one of the Argonauts who braved the dragon danger in its hundred forms and won their golden fleece with pick and pan. The story of his life is a dream. He still holds the stage as a leading old man, but in his zenith he was a star of the first magnitude. Then he was a State maker—the master-mind in the most marvelous mining camp this world has seen on the crest of that marvel of nature, the Comstock lode.

Senator Morgan, of Alabama, never lacks for something to say. Words fall from his lips with an easy, gliding motion, which demonstrates that in his case mind and mouth are in perfect harmony. Indeed, the Senator is something like a crowded newspaper, where the trouble is rather to decide upon what to leave out than what to put in.

Back in the Forty-fifth Congress, just before the close of the second session, Morgan succeeded in getting a private bill through both houses, and it went to the White House, Mr. Hayes then being President. Word came to Morgan that the President was going to interpose a pocket veto, that is, decline to sign the bill; and as there were not ten days of life left to Congress the measure would fail.

Senator Morgan was wroth. He declared himself thus: "All right. If Mr. Hayes will not sign my bill there will be no more legislation this session. I am going to speak on the next measure that comes before the Senate, and I will not finish until the session has expired."

Only about thirty-six hours of life remained to the Forty-fifth Congress when Morgan an-

nounced his intention of talking the session out. He got the floor and began speaking. As there is no limitation of debate in the Senate, a Senator can talk as long as he can think of anything to say or can stand on his feet. Morgan had talked for four hours before his fellow-Senators became aware of his purpose ; then there was hurrying to and fro.

There were important bills yet unacted upon, besides the private measures, of which nearly every Senator had one or more he hoped still to get through. And there was Morgan, standing easily erect, displaying no sign of physical fatigue, the words rolling from his mouth in a placid stream, apparently as unending and inexhaustible as the stream from a perennial spring.

A hasty conference was held in the cloak-room, and two Republican Senators were appointed a committee to go to the White House, explain the situation to President Hayes and endeavor to induce him to sign Senator Morgan's bill, and so shut off his embarrassing flow of words. Hayes laughed at the predicament of the Senate and signed the bill. The welcome news was telegraphed to the Capitol,

and the dispatch was quietly handed to Senator Morgan.

He read it, smiled complacently, closed his six-hour speech in about a minute, and sat down to enjoy his victory.

PAT AND PERSONAL.

SPRINGER, of Illinois, is the liveliest member of the House. Here is a little story that Senator Cullom relates. It was back in the Forty-ninth Congress. The Illinois Senator went into the House one day and found it in the greatest excitement. Members were running up and down the aisles, and Springer's stentorian voice was heard shouting above the turmoil and confusion.

Finding that nobody paid any attention to his remarks he jumped upon his desk, but before he could free himself for action he felt a restraining hand upon his coat-tails. "Bill" Morrison, who was leader of the House that session, gently pulled his vociferous colleague back to the floor.

"Springer," he said confidently, placing his hand on the other's shoulder, "you'd better quiet down. It's no use. You can't distinguish

yourself in this House unless you get on the Speaker's desk and stand on your head."

Young Fred Dubois is one of the most popular members of the Senate, as he was of the House, where he sat for a term or two as a delegate from the territory which he was chiefly instrumental in transforming into a State. He looks like a boy, and it is not many years since he was playing foot ball at Yale.

The youthful Senator tells of an experience he had at the time of his election to the Senate, which for a short time made him feel decidedly inconsequential.

There was a long and bitter contest in the Idaho Legislature over the choice of the first Senators from that State. As soon as the fight was over, Dubois, flushed with victory, started for home. He reached his town about dusk, and his bosom swelled with pride as he observed the entire population gathered at the station with a brass band in waiting, fireworks in reserve and all the paraphernalia for a vociferous and blazing welcome.

Almost overcome by his feelings, he mounted

on the first available eminence and began an address of thanks. What was his chagrin to see that his remarks fell upon deaf ears, and to observe the crowd gradually fall away from him and gather about an insignificant-looking individual who had come on the same train.

It didn't take him a second to descend from his perch, and then he learned that a new hotel was to be opened that evening, and that the proprietor had arranged for a brilliant celebration, the principal feature of which was to be his own grand reception at the station as a benefactor of the town.

"It was rather trying," adds Dubois, "but I had all the satisfaction of it for a minute, and no bills to pay, except the usual obligations attendant upon a slip of that kind."

Tom Reed has one weakness that manifests itself daily. This is his habit of examining the pictures displayed in photographers' windows. With his gray overcoat buttoned tightly around his portly form and looking as if it had been put on in a great hurry, with its collar half turned up and half turned down, and his hands

pushed down into his pockets as far as they can go, he bowls along Pennsylvania avenue.

But the windows of a photograph gallery have a wonderful fascination for him, and he cannot resist the temptation to stop before each one of them and study the pictures long and carefully.

Senator Irby, the hot-headed Populist from South Carolina, who succeeded the courtly Wade Hampton, prides himself on his adhesion to the code duello as the gentlemanly way of settling a dispute. He has engaged in several *affaires d' honneur*, and on one occasion winged, if he did not kill, his adversary.

Irby's first duel, however, was not fought among the Carolina pines, but on the enlightened soil of Massachusetts. The Senator was then a student at Harvard. Although a sophomore at the time, he was exceedingly "fresh." He was loud in his praise of the South, of the bravery of its men and the beauty of its women. The code he advocated valorously.

One day he got into an altercation with a son of one of the Scribners, of the New York pub-

lishing house of that name. By preconcerted arrangement the matter was allowed to go to the length of a challenge. Seconds were appointed and the time of meeting and the other preliminaries were arranged. At daybreak one morning the boys went out to see the sham duel.

Irby was the only one who was in dead earnest. Graphite bullets, which were crushed to powder when they were crammed down the barrels of the duelling pistols, were the deadly pellets used. Scribner won the toss for position and the first fire. The weapons were loaded in Irby's presence. Still he did not weaken. The principals took their places.

Irby stood erect with set teeth, while Scribner's second slowly called "Fire, one, two, three." As the last word was pronounced the report of Scribner's pistol rang out on the morning air. Irby, of course, was unhurt. When it came his turn to fire he levelled his pistol, took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger; as the smoke rolled away Scribner threw up his hands dramatically, spun around, lurched and fell.

The physician selected to do his part rushed

forward, leaned over the fallen student and poured a vial of some red stuff over his shirt front. Irby came to view the ghastly face and supposed bloody corpse of his antagonist. The doctor without a moment's hesitation pronounced Scribner dead.

Irby was then duly impressed with the serious consequences of his deed. He hastily gathered his effects together and took the first train for South Carolina. It was several weeks before he learned the nature of the trick that had been played on him. He never went back to Harvard College.

Senator Hoar has a bunch of keys that are historic. When he is in the Senate chamber these keys invariably dangle upon his finger and they are now regarded as a barometer of the transmutations of his mind.

When he swings them with easy and regular motion it is a sign that the Massachusetts Senator is at peace with all the world and that what is going on in the Senate is satisfactory to him; when the keys swing and the motion is not regular it signifies that he is in doubt what to

think of the transactions ; when they tap the desk petulantly some idea is being expounded that is wrong, according to his views, but not worth while answering or contradicting ; when some Populist gets up and proceeds to give forth the most alarming views the keys swing playfully before the Senator's smooth face ; swung in a long, sinuous curve in the air the keys denote disgust and a desire to reprove and reproach ; and when they are swung gaily at the end of his finger in rapid motion the Massachusetts man is very much pleased with the proceedings.

Senator Hoar's bunch of keys and their different motions make a regular open book of his mental condition, and the galleries have learned to read the volume.

One of the most interesting traits of Benton McMillin's character is his delightful assurance and his invulnerable self-esteem. He is so happily constituted that he never realizes when he has failed. He is thoroughly satisfied with himself, and always pictures himself on the top wave of success. Tom Reed fairly turns and

roasts him on the spit, and after it is all over McMillin will throw himself into his seat and gaze about him with the most contented air in the world and a smile of triumph playing over his face. Everybody else realizes that he has been flayed alive, but he never thinks for a moment that he has not won a great oratorical success, and while his friends are questioning whether or not to commiserate him, he is waiting for everybody to hasten forward with congratulations.

McMillin is a first-rate fellow, and you can't help liking him; but he reminds one of old "Joe" Brown, of Georgia, and his experience with Ingalls. The venerable Georgian entertained the most profound contempt for the brilliant Kansas Senator, and once, after Ingalls had delivered himself of an unusually exasperating diatribe, Brown set himself to work upon a reply, which he had planned to be a masterpiece of severity and parliamentary invective.

It really was a very fair effort, and the old man got it off with all the spirit that was in him. But as soon as he had taken his seat Ingalls rose to reply, and such a piece of scath-

ing wit and sarcasm has seldom found a place in Congressional debate. It created a great sensation in Washington, and the supposed discomfiture of its unfortunate victim was telegraphed all over the country.

A week or two later Brown made a trip home to Atlanta. One of his old friends, who supposed that condolences were in order, approached him and as delicately as he knew how broached the subject. "We've all been reading about that little skirmish of yours with Ingalls," he began, and was about to add a word of sympathy and encouragement when the Senator interrupted him.

"Thank you, sir, thank you," said the old gentleman pompously. "I was just a trifle severe on Ingalls; but he has no right to complain. He brought it all on himself. He deserved everything that he got."

One of the luckiest men in the House is Gorman, of Michigan. The district from which he was originally elected was strongly Republican. There were two much older Democrats in the district than he, and each had been the

unsuccessful candidate of his party for Congress. That year the Democratic convention met, and, after tendering the nomination to both of the men who had formerly made the race and receiving a declination from both, the body practically adjourned and many of the delegates left for their homes.

Some of the delegates, however, thought that it would never do to let the contest go by default, so they held a stump convention, and, as a joke, tendered the nomination to Mr. Gorman. In the face of the big Republican majority he accepted the nomination, and began a plucky fight.

There was a political landslide in Michigan that year, and he came off victorious with flying colors. Now he is sure of staying in Congress for some time, for his district has been changed by a new apportionment into a thoroughly Democratic one.

His luck remained by him in the Speakership contest between Crisp and Mills. He tossed up a copper to see for which of the leading candidates he would vote. The coin told him to vote for Crisp; he did so, was on the

winning side and now enjoys excellent committee places.

The study of Congressman Hitt, of Illinois, is a Blaine portrait gallery. Upon the walls of this room hang over a dozen pictures of the late Secretary of State, representing him at all ages and in all postures. All of the pictures bear Mr. Blaine's autograph, having been presented by him, and they form a very valuable collection.

There was probably no member of Congress who was as close to Mr. Blaine as was Mr. Hitt. They were intimate friends of long standing, and spent much time in each other's company. There is one object to which Congressman Hitt is a deadly opponent, and that is a Mugwump.

His definition of a Mugwump is, "A man who looks into the glass and thinks he sees the government."

One of the most interesting characters in Congress is the senior Senator from Massachusetts. There is hardly a man in the dignified

body, in which he has so long been a conspicuous figure, as reminiscent as Senator Hoar of a bygone generation. He is essentially a scholar; he boasts a culture and a familiarity with the best literature of all kinds which is the envy of his associates. His keen and pungent wit smacks of the schools, and the biting, rasping sarcasm of which he is a master seems strangely out of place when associated with his innocent, almost babyish face, and the eyes that beam good-naturedly behind the old-fashioned spectacles.

Now that Evarts is gone nobody is left in the Senate to cross swords with him in a trial of wit. But when the New York humorist was in the harness the cloak-room contests between the two were rare and racy treats. It was no easy thing to pick the winner. On one occasion, however, and that very near the last, the New York statesman came off with flying colors.

Evarts was chairman of the library committee and Hoar was one of the minor members. Evarts was lazy and would not call his committee together from the beginning to the end of the session. The Massachusetts Sena-

tor happened to have a measure that he was particularly anxious to bring up. It had been referred to the library committee, and there seemed doomed to sleep the sleep of death.

The chairman was pleaded with in vain. He would promise to call the committee together, and then conveniently forget all about it. Hoar was anxious and annoyed. At last one day near the close of the session he hailed Evarts in the cloak-room :

“ Whenever you are ready to call a meeting of the library committee,” he said, “ I wish you would notify my executors.”

“ I shall be most happy to notify your executors,” retorted Evarts.

Senator Hoar with his rasping tongue contrives to gain the ill will of some of his associates. One of these was Ingalls, who took keen delight in pungent sayings at his colleague's expense. When Arthur came into the Presidency he stirred the political waters of Massachusetts to their depths by his appointment of Roland Worthington as collector of the port of Boston.

Senator Hoar and Senator Dawes fought the appointment vigorously and when it was finally made Hoar took it as a personal affront. The disappointment was so bitter that he threatened to resign his place in the Senate if his wishes should be disregarded in the further changes that were likely to be made. It was just after the Conkling-Garfield episode, and there was much speculation as to whether he would really carry out his threat. The question was under discussion in the Senate cloak-room one day and somebody commented rather dubiously on the probability of a resignation.

"Hoar resign?" exclaimed Ingalls. "Never! You don't know him as well as I do. Whenever his resentment reaches that pitch he will rise in his place and hand in the resignation of Senator Dawes."

Calvin S. Brice's nose is a marvel of nature's handiwork—by far the most remarkable thing about a rather remarkable man. It is peculiar and indescribable in the usual terms of nasal nomenclature. It is neither large nor small;

it follows the lines of no accepted type ; it is doubtful whether the realm of creation can produce its counterpart. Nobody who has not seen it can adequately comprehend it. There is something elusive, intangible and phantom-like in its texture. The eye clings to it, follows it and strives in vain to grapple its details ; but there are no details—nothing but an evanescent, cloud-like whole. It ought to be translucent ; the observer catches himself unconsciously dodging about to get it between him and the light ; a ray of sunlight could hardly have any other effect than to scatter the vision into prismatic hues ; but it eludes even the wooing caresses of the sun. It has no beginning and no end. It springs lightly as the foam of the sea from an indistinguishable point somewhere near the base of the forehead and floats vaguely away into nothingness. There is no line and no point, and nothing definable except the delicately-penciled nostrils. It is as insubstantial and fleeting as a wave of light, a marvelous and tantalizing dream.

Dr. William Everett went home to Boston a

short time after he had enjoyed his first experience of life in Washington. A friend asked him how he liked Congress.

"Oh, it is the funniest place I ever saw," replied the doctor. "In the House they have got things fixed so that you can't get anything in, and in the Senate they have arranged things so that you can't get anything out."

ANGLES AND CURVES.

SPEAKER CRISP is round, not angular. His friends in the beginning of his career regretted that he did not have more of the sharp corners of a crank in his makeup, thinking that it was only the man who had edges to be cut who rose rapidly. Since he has been in Congress he has grown aggravatingly round. Angles make a crank in Congress, roundness a statesman.

Crisp has grown gradually until he has a good national reputation. He has calmness and clear judgment; he is simple and unostentatious, never forgetting a face and uniformly courteous and polite to all with whom he comes in contact. He is "Mr. Crisp" to the pages and messengers, and each one he calls by name as he passes through the lobbies of the Capitol.

As Gresham has dispelled the mysterious atmosphere of awe which for years has hung

like a veil about the State Department, so has Crisp removed the red tape which kept the public from the Speaker's room. His hour out of the chair is his hour of recreation, and formality is a stranger to him. After the session he throws himself into a big leather chair and gives himself up to unrestrained laughter over the jokes which the various members come in to tell him. Bourke Cockran says he would rather retail a poor joke to Crisp than to hear a good one himself. The Speaker has a delicious sense of humor, and no point, no matter how obscure, is ever lost on him.

His home or hotel life is even simpler than his *ex-officio* existence. Instead of being the social lion, to which rank his position entitles him, he prefers the seclusion of his apartments at the old Metropolitan and the company of his own family. The Speaker is essentially a domestic man. He declines almost all invitations, preferring to stay with Mrs. Crisp in old room 156 at the Metropolitan. Crisp lives as simply as the representative who was sent to Congress on an economical platform. He keeps no carriages or horses, but uses public conveyances altogether.

His most intimate associates are Catchings, of Mississippi, and Montgomery, of Kentucky ; though he is on the best of terms with nearly every member of the House, whether Democrat, Republican, Populist or Mugwump. He never carries his political battles into private life. The men who fought him most bitterly in his race for Speaker the first time, and who claimed that he would cause a split in the party, now acknowledge that perhaps he was the only man who could have so successfully united the factions.

Crisp brings his Georgia rearing to the Capital. He is an early riser, unlike the majority of Washingtonians. No matter how late at night he is at work he is up every morning by seven. His first duty of the day, he says, is to read the newspapers. He breakfasts alone at eight. One of his maxims is that no man should talk before the first meal of the day, as no man can be himself until he puts all parts of his body in motion.

He goes to the Capitol early and lets nothing interfere with his duties as Speaker. He never takes but fifteen minutes for lunch, and carries the same simplicity of diet into the

House restaurant that he does into the Metropolitan dining-room.

His only social weakness, if such it may be termed, is the theatre, the love of which he inherited from his father, the best years of whose life were spent upon the stage. While a national character, Crisp is distinctly a Georgian, as much so as Carlisle is a Kentuckian. If he has any vanity it is for his State, and he takes a personal pride in every member of the Georgia delegation.

Vice-President Stevenson is fully as democratic in his habits as any of the members of the body over which he wields his handleless gavel.

He wanders about the corridors and lobbies with as little show of affectation as when he was busy swinging the axe at the Post-Office Department; is chummy and chatty with everybody, from John Sherman down to the pages, and, altogether, takes things as easily as though there were never a possibility of his brandishing the whip from the other end of the Avenue.

The Vice-President's room is the most hand-

somely furnished apartment in the Capitol. Everything in it is simple and elegant, but Stevenson makes it as comfortable and available as the smoking-room in his own house. The door is always open, and when he is not presiding over the Senate he can generally be found there, with his feet perched high on the mahogany table and his lips encircling a cigar.

Mr. Stevenson never rides in a carriage of his own, but goes to the Capitol and returns from it generally on foot. His greatest dissipation is an occasional ride in one of the slow-moving, public herdic coaches that crawl up and down the Avenue for the benefit of ladies with bundles. He always wears a silk hat, but it is at least a year old, and is never brushed.

In one way there is no more interesting character in the Senate than the president *pro-tem.*, old Isham Harris, of Tennessee. Nobody knows how old he is, but he was a member of Congress way back in '49, and he has a place in history as the war Governor of his State. He sits in the front row of the Democratic side, in the seat corresponding to that formerly occu-

pied by Senator Edmunds among the Republicans, and he holds something the same relation to his own party that Edmunds did to his for many years. He has a rasping voice and an aggravating aggressiveness of tone, and takes a keen delight, as Edmunds did, in lashing his party associates. Harris looks like a weasel; his head is bald, with the exception of a funny fringe of white hair, which stands out in a circle like a brush, and which he trains into a horizontal position by continually pulling at it with his fingers. Harris is the John Randolph of the Senate, a picturesque figure, bold in his methods, heartless in his thrusts, and, above all, independent as air.

Call, of Florida, can empty both the floor and the galleries of the Senate more quickly than any other member of that body. He is a great man among the Florida crackers, and they have been sending him to the Senate so persistently that his period of service is longer than that of almost any of his fellows. But in Washington Call is taken as a Senatorial joke.

Senator Manderson, of Nebraska, has won so brilliant a reputation in politics that his military record has been almost overshadowed by it; but he is a life-long sufferer from wounds received in the war, and is racked daily by physical pains that would crush a less indomitable spirit. Manderson was a young lawyer in Ohio when the war broke out, and he was one of the most dashing and brilliant soldiers that the Buckeye State contributed to the conflict. He was idolized by his men, and he could lead them into the most desperate situations.

His wound is in the back, and he is not ashamed to acknowledge it. He received it in the battle of Lovejoy's station. His men were facing a tremendous fire, which was sweeping through their ranks, and the youthful commander saw them break and bend. Quick as a flash he rushed in front of the line between the enemy and his men, and turning his back to the foe he waved his sword in the air, cheering and shouting to his men to re-form their lines and follow him.

The company responded with enthusiasm and renewed the charge, but a Rebel bullet

had pierced the spine of their commander and carried him to the ground.

Senator Perkins, of California, has become popular in his State through the simple trick of asking every second or third man he meets for the time of day, and setting his watch accordingly on the spot. The compliment thus paid to the timepiece of his acquaintances is always amply returned.

You can't help liking "Nevada" Jones. It is refreshing to find some one in public office in Washington who actually believes in something and believes in it with his whole heart and soul. Besides there are more pith and color and original suggestion in one of the silver Senator's chance conversations than there are in any half dozen average Congressional speeches boiled down.

Jones holds the gold monometallists in great contempt. He defines them in the same way that "Joe" Choate defined the Mugwumps, as "persons educated beyond their intellect."

He was talking with Senator Edmunds one

day and was exploiting his theories with his usual enthusiasm, when the icy Vermonter interrupted him with a sneering query :

“ Whom are you going to get to take your money after you issue it ? ”

The hot-blooded Welshman bridled up. “ You would take it for one,” he responded with equal disdain ; “ or else you would have to tramp for a living.”

The most important individual in the Senate unquestionably is Vilas, of Wisconsin. There is nothing about which he does not appear to know more than anybody else. He has constituted himself the special guardian of the Cleveland administration, and when Hoar, Sherman or Frye is pouring hot shot into White House policies, Vilas leans back pompously in his chair, with his hands crossed complacently over his waistband and a look of calm superiority on his face, which tells more plainly than any words of his could tell that if other people knew as much about the inside facts of the case as he nobody would listen to such absurd speeches for a minute.

Every few minutes Vilas indulges in a con-

stitutional. He walks around the rear of the Senate chamber with his hips thrown out and his head back, very much as if he were entered for a cake walk and sure to win the cake.

McCreary, of Kentucky, is a perpetual smiler. His face has all the unctuousness and blandness of the heathen Chineese, and his voice possesses the reassuring softness of a father confessor. His whole presence breathes of tolerance, affable condescension and patronizing imperturbability.

You always feel that whatever happens McCreary knew all about it in advance, and that the only reason that he refrains from revealing the secrets of the future is that he doesn't think it worth while to make the revelation.

McCreary is an ideal chairman of the Foreign Affairs Committee. He is never flurried and never hurried, and never by any chance surprised into doing anything dramatic or sensational.

His colleagues in the House call him "Bar-

rundia " because of the part he took when that international incident was up in Congress.

Edward Murphy, of New York, is the most popular Senator on the Democratic side. His even temper, uniform courtesy and unassuming gentleness of manner have won for him a warm place in the affections of his fellow-solons.

Chandler, of New Hampshire, is, next to Hoar, the most exasperating debater the Democrats encounter in the Senate. They never know exactly where he is going to strike, and he has such a delightfully sarcastic and semi-humorous way of treating subjects, which are to the Democratic mind sacred, that they are never in precisely the mood to answer him.

He has a way, too, of springing uncomfortable questions on the Senate, which he approaches with an air of innocence that disarms complaint.

McMillin and Springer are the two most vociferous speakers in the House. For that reason

they are Tom Reed's pet aversions. Richardson, of Tennessee, is a voluminous orator, but Reed doesn't object especially to him. "Richardson talks a good deal," says the ex-Speaker, "but he is a good-natured fellow, and what he says doesn't make the slightest difference one way or the other. Springer and McMillin are different. Neither of them ever says a word without subtracting from the sum of human knowledge."

As rigid as New England virtue is Senator Redfield Proctor, of Vermont. He has repressed his emotions until his face seems wooden, but when you look straight into his eyes and see the force in their cold depths, you know that he is a man who can be very angry if he cannot be gay. Tall and thin, with carefully brushed coat and ministerial black necktie, with beard well trimmed and a far-away look in his eye, he does not impress one as a man likely to be slapped on the back and invited to take a drink.

Allen, of Nebraska, will never outlive the reputation he gained as a long-distance orator

in the famous special silver session of Congress. He is to-day pointed out frequently from the galleries, while Senators who have served years to his months, and who have accomplished a great deal in the way of statesmanship, promenade the floor without attracting any attention whatever.

His fifteen hours' speech stamped him as a man who can think with his tongue. There is no member of the Senate who is better fitted by nature for a physical test of this kind than Allen. He is a giant in stature and in strength. He would be a model for a centre rush on a college football team. He is tall and he is stocky. His face is smooth, with a large jaw bone and a pair of flashing eyes that make him look like an Indian after a visit to a hair-cutting establishment.

He is a straightforward talker, and uses no flowers of speech and no attempts at rhetoric. Now, whenever he gets up to make a speech the Senators look at their note-books and calendars and figure up the time of their engagements for the next few days before they decide whether they can remain and listen to him.

Henry Cabot Lodge looks like a thoroughbred, with his erect and well-developed form, his trim legs, molded like those of an athlete, and his self-possessed and graceful carriage. He is always wandering around among his associates in the Senate, confining himself to neither side. He and Aldrich are the news-gatherers of the Senate. They are better acquainted than any others with what is going on or likely to happen.

The Massachusetts Senator is the literary member of the Senate. Not a month passes without something from his pen in a syndicate or a magazine, and in addition to all this he has written two books since he has been in Congress. His mind works with the regularity of a clock. As soon as he has determined to prepare a speech or write an article he sets to work on it at once. After a day or two of cogitation he will write or dictate the article at a stretch, frequently sitting down to his desk in evening dress, after returning from a dinner or a reception, and writing by himself till long after midnight. His capacity for mental labor is inexhaustible.

John Sherman grows to look more and more like his military brother, the late William Tecumseh, every year. The lines in the strong face have grown harder, the impressive countenance has become more grizzled, and the closely-cropped beard has developed a harsh and military preciseness.

Sherman is, in many respects, the most striking figure in the Senate. He is certainly the Senator most widely known, both at home and abroad, and he is the one man to whom the visitor turns without a mental inquiry as to what he is or what he has done. He is a constant attendant on the floor. His place, in the King Row, is the most conspicuous on the Republican side, and his gaunt but wiry figure, full of impressiveness and a certain grace of strength, easily attracts the eye. His dress is always the same—an old-fashioned black frock coat, a low-cut vest, displaying an expanse of shirt front, and a black tie encircling his high collar in a bow. He usually leans far back in his chair, with one arm thrown carelessly over the back, and rarely indulges in conversation with anybody, although Hoar and Manderson sit on either side.

Sherman is not popular in the Senate. He is too self-centred, and some think too selfish ; but there is no Senator for whom his colleagues have such unbounded respect.

AT THE TABLE AND AT THE BAR.

THE most scientific drinker in the Senate is "Joe" Blackburn. The Kentuckian can flavor a fine brand of whiskey through several thicknesses of wall, and it is a long time since any of his colleagues have attempted to smuggle a choice variety into the Capitol without giving Blackburn a chance to sample it.

The last man who tried to do it was Coke, of Texas, who is a little "close" by nature. Coke has a way of sending down to Kentucky for his whiskey. He knows just where to go for his favorite brand, and every little while he receives an installment of five two-gallon jugs of "Old Jordan." He fills a half-pint flask every morning and takes it up to the Senate.

At first he used to deposit it for safe keeping on the top shelf in the cloak-room, whither he would occasionally invite a colleague to come and share it, on the pledge not to reveal its whereabouts. He was especially careful to

keep it concealed from Blackburn, but it was not many days before the Kentuckian began to scent the unmistakable odor, and, reaching his hand to the shelf, he came across the flask.

It took only a day or two for Coke to discover, from the appearance of the flask, that Blackburn had found out his hiding-place, and he quietly removed his treasure and deposited it in his pocket, where he still continues to carry it out of harm's way.

Immediately after one of the late Senator Beck's speeches an admirer sent him a barrel of Bourbon. Of course, the first thing he did was to send for "Joe" Blackburn to help drink it up. The invitation was promptly accepted. As soon as Blackburn had taken the first sip of the whiskey he smacked his lips, and, after taking another, said, as much to himself as to Beck: "Yes, there is certainly iron in the barrel."

"What is that you say, 'Joe'?" asked the senior Senator.

"I said there was iron in that barrel."

Beck poured out a glass, and, after tasting

it, shook his head wisely and said : " No, there is no iron in that barrel, but there is leather."

A hot dispute followed, and finally a heavy wager was made, to be decided when the barrel should be empty. This happened in about two months, but the bet was declared off as both were right.

When the head of the barrel was knocked in a carpet tack with a leather head was found in the bottom.

Blackburn says that the Indians have the most extraordinary taste for whiskey of any class of men he ever came in contact with. He tells this story to prove it :

He was travelling alone through Indian Territory in a not very thickly populated section, and, although he started with a generous quantity of liquor, the supply, with the exception of a single quart flask, became exhausted. While in this condition he met a Cherokee Indian, a very intelligent fellow, who asked him to extend the usual courtesies to a fellow-traveller.

The courtesies were promptly extended, and, as the brand was the finest Kentucky, the Sen-

ator was hardly surprised when the Indian, who was mounted on a beautiful horse, eagerly offered him five dollars for the remainder of his bottle. The offer was declined, whereupon the Indian offered his saddle, his bridle, and finally his horse; but all without avail.

"Did you ever hear of a thirst like that?" the Senator inquired of the friend to whom he told the story.

"Why didn't you take the offer, Joe?" was asked.

"Great heavens, man!" exclaimed Blackburn, "it was the last bottle I had on earth!"

A favorite Texas tippie is what is known as the "long toddy," consisting of two-thirds water and one-third whiskey, with a plentiful supply of sugar. This is Coke's preference, and it is the mixture that the Texas Congressmen usually indulge in.

Roger Q. Mills has a fondness for beer. And this appetite attacks him at unexpected and at sometimes inconvenient moments. He

was sitting up toiling with a tariff argument one summer night, and after midnight his longing for beer suddenly came upon him.

Clapping his broad-brimmed hat on his head he swung out into the street without a thought of the lateness of the hour, and rushing up to the first door which looked inviting he was astonished to find it locked. He sprang back in surprise, and tried three or four others with the same result. Just then he spied a policeman.

"My friend," he exclaimed, "isn't there a place in this town where a man can get a glass of beer?"

"Well, everything is shut up at this time of the night," replied the policeman, with a grin; "but I guess if you are smart you can get it."

The Senator continued his search, and was about giving up when he ran across a ragged individual who displayed a tell-tale nose.

"You are the fellow I want," thought the shrewd Texan, and within two minutes after he had hailed the ruddy-nosed gentleman he had discovered a place to satisfy his thirst and that of his new-found friend.

The New York and New England Senators are among the most abstemious. Gallinger maintains an elegant coolness in summer by sipping iced coffee. On exceptionally hot days he seems to find additional relief in tilting his chair back and putting his feet on the table. "Joe" Hawley and Platt, of Connecticut, try to make each other happy by gazing into each other's eyes over glasses of soda lemonade. Hoar relies for stimulants on tea and Aldrich frequently joins Allison in a bowl of bread and milk.

Wolcott, of Colorado, and Hale, of Maine, possess two of the most delicate palates in the Senate, and neither of them forgets the admonition of the old Irish gentlewoman who instructed her son that it was as bad form to drink wine before six o'clock as it was to appear in a dress suit.

Senator Vest's taste runs to apollinaris, and none of his fellow-Senators are apt to offer the little Missourian anything more sparkling. It wasn't so with him ten years ago, but he understands himself better now.

Another Senator whose tastes run apollinaris-ward is Frye, and still another is Gorman. Gorman mixes his apollinaris with lemonade, but never with anything more exhilarating, unless, as a measure of courtesy, he tinges a glass with the faintest hue of whiskey.

Hill sips a glass of plain Potomac water with a simple lunch, all by himself as a rule, at a little round table in the corner of an inner room. Morrill loves a bowl of bread and milk, and so does Proctor; and another Senator who rarely squanders more than fifteen cents on his midday lunch is the many-times millionaire, Mitchell, of Wisconsin.

He can be seen in the restaurant on days when his wife is giving a magnificent luncheon, costing hundreds of dollars, with a piece of apple pie before him and a glass of milk at his side. He is as simple in his tastes as Pepper, who tucks his goat-like beard under a napkin as he solemnly imbibes his coffee.

Over in the House there are comparatively few who indulge in intoxicants to any extent.

Tom Reed saunters over to the Senate daily and keeps cool and good-natured on soda lemonade with his friend Lodge. Probably these two men dine out more frequently than any other men in Congress. But it is a rare thing for either of them to take wine.

“Tim” Campbell, of New York, probably has the most picturesque taste in liquors of anybody in either branch. It is rather singular that almost without exception the professional humorists of the House are either total abstainers or very nearly so.

“Private” John Allen fills in the moments, when he is not telling stories, by imbibing harmless seltzer. Asher Caruth, in spite of being about the most popular man in Kentucky, looks on whiskey as poison, and keeps his spirits high with ginger ale.

“Silver Dollar” Bland rises to the height of a bottle of beer about once a week. Breckinridge, the Kentucky silver tongue, is practically a total abstainer, and the only thing he takes

from a cup when speaking is the genuine article of cold coffee.

Bryan is another apollinaris man. His father was a preacher and a judge out in Illinois who used to open court with prayer, and the youthful Congressman takes after him.

Bynum keeps himself in good condition with an occasional toddy or beer, and Catchings does the same. Crisp comes from a prohibition district. He never has anything sent up to the Speaker's room except iced tea. McMillin is nearly as abstemious, and Springer has a weakness for lemonade.

But the most exemplary delegation in Congress since Milliken took the pledge is that from Maine. Dingley is the model of the House.

Gen. "Joe" Wheeler, of Alabama, learned a trick at West Point which has always clung to him. He rarely drinks even as much as a glass of apollinaris during the day, but every night just before he goes to bed he opens a bottle of beer, stirs in a little salt as he pours it out and then sleeps like a top.

The Senate restaurant is an interesting spot, although very quiet. The monotony of the lunch hour is now and then broken by a swarthy waiter yelling at the top of his voice, "One twenty-five-cent cigar for Senator Lodge and two five-cent cigars for Senator Berry, of Arkansas." The Senators dine in an exclusive and hearty fashion. Their idiosyncrasies in eating are as marked as their idiosyncrasies of debate.

Palmer, of Illinois, a bluff, hearty, gray-headed man of nearly seventy years, is an advocate of the beef-steak. There is a huskiness in his throat which speaks of rich and dripping gravies. A French fried potato man, a sound diner and a hearty drinker, for Palmer is a man of the people.

A different man in the matter of feeding, an educated man as the restaurant keeper esteems him, a man with the French terms of the menu on the tip of his tongue, is Senator Manderson, of Nebraska. He is as select in his choice of the morsels which he swallows as the bird of

paradise, which is supposed to live upon the dew that rests in the cup of the South American flower.

No whiskey for Mr. Manderson, nor anything so crude as brandy, but the heaviest and mellowest of French wines are his delight. Chablis, the products of the rich slopes of Burgundy, and Chateau Yquem are all in his repertoire.

A very delicate eater is Manderson, a man who insists upon prompt attendance, a man upon the best terms with all the waiters in the restaurant.

The most liberal Senator to tip is Wolcott. He always gives the waiter at least fifty cents and sometimes a dollar. Hill and Murphy are free with their money in this way also, as is Mitchell, of Oregon.

Senator Lodge has a weakness for broiled ham, and usually he takes poached eggs with it. McMillan, of Michigan, would like to have reed birds all the year round, while Senator Cameron lives on fish.

There are other Senators who are interesting eaters—Hill, a devotee at the shrine of the salad; White, of Louisiana, who received his gastronomic education in the dim and delightful semi-submerged cafes of New Orleans; White, of California, a believer in the virtue of the pompano, to be caught in the sunny southern bays of his State, and a considerable advocate of the Olympian oyster, a shell fish raked from the sandy shallows which stretch to the westward of the little city of Olympia, nestling upon the shores of Puget sound; Pasco, a sheep's-head and broiled bacon man; Davis, of Minnesota, who believes that pork is the meat of the gods, and insists upon the sweet potato as an eternal condiment; Frye, of Maine, a fish eater and water drinker; Ransom, of North Carolina, who eschews both fish and water; and, last of all, George, of Mississippi, who so far as the records of the Senate restaurant show, never eats at all.

NINE BLACK BUNDLES OF LAW.

CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER is as democratic in his habits as any briefless police court lawyer in Washington. He usually walks to the Capitol, or else rides contentedly in a street car; and it is a common thing to see him sitting in one corner of an F street horse car in the morning on his way to the Supreme Court room, carrying a big pile of law books in his lap, while his colored messenger sits by his side with another lapful of legal volumes.

When he travels he lugs his own satchel, which is sometimes nearly half as bulky as he, and there are comparatively few people who recognize in the dapper little fellow the Chief Justice of the United States. It is really surprising to observe how unfamiliar the Chief Justice's features are, even to some of the most conspicuous public men in Washington. He is something of a recluse, and many of the

ablest and most widely celebrated men in Congress have never made his acquaintance.

“Bob” Ingersoll was arguing a case once before the Supreme Court. In the midst of his great and eloquent effort Mr. Justice Harlan arose, a page pulled back his chair, and the justice, with much dignity, it must be said, walked behind the scenes. There he obtained a glass of milk and a huge railroad restaurant ham sandwich. Industriously, and with much dignity, of course, Mr. Justice Harlan laid vigorous siege to the ham sandwich. Between the mouthfuls he would peer around the corner of the protecting screen to keep track of Ingersoll’s talk.

In the midst of one of these movements Col. Ingersoll caught sight of the justice’s naturally well-developed cheeks bulging out with several bunches of sandwich. The situation was irresistibly funny.

Ingersoll forgot the point he was endeavoring to make, and stopped the argument with a well-developed snicker. It was several seconds before the colonel recovered himself sufficiently

to proceed, and in the meantime Mr. Justice Harlan had wiped his extensive cheeks and returned to his seat,—with great dignity, of course.

When George F. Edmunds is arguing a case before the Supreme Court the venerable courtroom is transformed into a lively and interesting place.

The vigorous old Vermonter sits within the bar with his finger tips pressed meditatively together and his keen eyes glancing out piercingly from beneath his shaggy brows, looking for all the world as he used to look from his coign of vantage in the front row of the Senate.

At intervals, without raising his head or changing his expression, he will interject into the opposing counsel's argument a startling remark, uttered in his clear, incisive tone, usually in the form of a correction or a flat contradiction. This sort of thing generally goes on for some time, after the manner of his former interruptions in the Senate, before the Chief Justice summons courage to call attention to the violation of the etiquette of the court. And when Justice Fuller finally does so in his funny,

high-pitched voice, Edmunds looks up at him ferociously, and relapses into moody contemplation.

Justice Brown is the literary light of the bench. His mastery of the English tongue is complete, and many a well-known author might learn language at his feet. He is one of the best after-dinner speakers in Washington, is president of the University Club, and around its burning logs can tell a story with the best.

The giant of the bench is Gray. Named for Horace, the poet, he carries in his shoes anywhere between three and four hundred pounds, and has the brow of a Goldsmith and the face of a Daniel O'Connell.

Harlan is the only rival in size whom Justice Gray has upon the bench. His other names are John Marshall, and he was named for the great Chief Justice. He looks like a war chief, and his black gown hangs in more awkward folds than that of any of his colleagues. He was a judge when he was only twenty-five years old, and even then made a reputation

throughout his Kentucky county for the way in which he decided cases.

Justice Field has had a more adventurous career than any other member of the court. He was a '49er, and was one of the bravest and most venturesome of the seekers after gold. Almost his first experience, after arriving on the Pacific coast, was to become a member of the vigilance committee organized to put down lawlessness. The mining camp of Marysville was about as dangerous a place as there was along the coast, and Field, who had a legal education, was chosen by the orderly part of the community to administer the laws in the capacity of Alcalde of the city.

Field, instead of treating the position as that of a justice of the peace, to which it was really equivalent, boldly took the administration of affairs into his own hand, ruled the community with a high hand, punishing crime and enforcing police regulations, until he was relieved by officers selected under the new State Constitution. He acted as second in two duels, and for

a month his life was in peril every hour of the day.

Justice Field has a relative on the court. Justice Brewer is his nephew. Brewer was born away off in Asia Minor in the very year that his uncle Field was receiving a ribbon-tied sheepskin at Williams College. He is the youngest person upon the bench, and is regarded as the coming legal light. His father was a missionary to Turkey, and Brewer himself gave the Yale yell in New Haven for the four years ending in '56. He is now a smooth-shaven individual, but tradition says that when he first came to Washington from Kansas he had a beard, and a handsome one.

Justice Gray was for years the bachelor of the bench. He had maintained a state of single blessedness so long that his friends had come to regard his case as incorrigible. After he had been in Washington a year or two he bethought himself to build a house. It was a costly structure, and he planned it all himself. But when he came to move in, it was discovered

that the establishment did not boast a closet from garret to cellar. The funny thing about it was that although his house was built for a bachelor's castle, the justice brought a wife to preside over it before he had lived in it a year.

Justice Shiras owns the only pair of whiskers upon the bench. He is slight and wiry, and in his day was an athlete of no mean reputation. He is a great football crank even now, and something of a literary light as well, having been an author before he became a judge. He sits with clenched teeth when listening to counsel from the bench.

It is a tradition of the Supreme Court that the justices shall not meddle in party politics, and in a general way this tradition is respected. There are few of the justices, however, who do not betray an occasional weakness for dabbling in politics in a small way. It is not an exceptional thing for a politician who has been forc-

ing a henchman for an office which requires legal training to find his progress suddenly and mysteriously barred. If he were to look into the thing the chances are that he would discover that one of the Supreme Court justices had interposed a suggestion to the appointing officer just at a critical time.

The thing is not done in a vulgar way. A timely word dropped into a Cabinet officer's ear at a swell dinner or a reception is far more effective than a crude and vulgar appeal for political favor. It takes tact and patience, however, and in some instances any amount of social prestige, to bring a justice's influence to bear in any particular case.

Justice Gray is a striking figure, with his massive form and large bald head, and a man likely to have few doubles. But there is a person in the city, in a kind of official life, too, who bears a wonderful resemblance to him. This is the man who was coachman to Mr. Morton during the time he was Vice-President. In figure, face and head he bears a sufficiently

close resemblance to the Bay State jurist to prove embarrassing to the latter at times.

Attorney-General Olney tells this story on Justice Gray. Mr. Gray prefers riding to walking, and a carriage to a street car. When he first held court in Boston he asked the United States marshal to provide him with a carriage to transport him from his hotel to the court and back to the hotel at the end of the day's session. The marshal was commendably prompt and cheerful in complying with the wishes of the distinguished jurist. From Boston Judge Gray went to Providence to hold court. He asked the United States marshal there to provide him with a carriage to carry him back and forth. The marshal said he could not do so without paying for the vehicle out of his own pocket.

"Why, how's that?" exclaimed the astonished judge.

"The department would not allow the account, and I'd have to pay it," explained the marshal.

"But the marshal at Boston furnished me

with a carriage and had no trouble with his account," expostulated Judge Gray.

"I don't see how he did it," protested the Providence marshal. "I know that if I tried it, that item in my accounts would be disallowed and I would have to stand it."

"Very well," said Judge Gray. "Of course, I don't want you to pay for my carriage;" and he paid for it himself, thus closing the incident so far as he was concerned.

Not so with the Providence marshal. He wrote to the Boston marshal and asked him how he managed to have his charge for a carriage for Judge Gray's use between the hotel and the court-room allowed by the department.

"Easy enough," wrote the Boston officer in reply. "It's plain," he continued, "that you've been marshal for but a short time. I provided Judge Gray with a carriage and my accounts went through the department without any trouble. You see I put the item of the judge's carriage under the head of 'care and transportation of prisoners.'"

SMOKE TALKS.

SENATOR BATE, of Tennessee, never smokes a cigar. He is fond of tobacco, however, and always has a piece of a cigar in his mouth, but he never lights it. This habit he has followed out for more than a quarter of a century. It is the result of superstition.

He was a general in the war, and at that time was an inveterate smoker. One afternoon he and his brother were riding about a battle field among the mountains of Tennessee, while a kind of semi-battle was in progress. Always cool in action, Bate's cigar-case was as much a part of his makeup as his horse and saddle.

As the two rode along Senator (then General) Bate reached for his breast pocket and took out a cigar. He bit off the end with customary nicety, scratched a match on the back of his saddle, and settled down in his stirrups to enjoy himself.

There was a shock in the air, the nameless,

indefinable stir produced by the close passage of a shell or round shot, and the match within two inches of the end of the weed went out. Shrugging his shoulders and preparing to get another light, he glanced about him.

His brother, who had been sitting on his horse a little to the left and in the rear, was a corpse. The ball had struck him in the chest and all that Bate saw was a mixed mass of dead flesh ten feet behind. The horse stood unmoved. The man who was alive looked at the unlighted match between his fingers. Then he rode away to the rear for an ambulance. When the exciting scene was all over Bate found that his unlighted cigar was still between his lips, where he was slowly chewing it to bits.

From that day to this he has never known what it was to smoke. He says that if he should light a cigar he would see the whole sad scene before him, and perhaps he regards the lighting of a cigar as a desecration of his brother's memory. But day after day he chews on a dry cigar.

Denson, of Alabama, explains, humorously, how they worked Uncle Sam at an election in

his district. The Democrats had things pretty well in hand, but when election day came around they were somewhat annoyed to discover that a company of United States infantry had appeared on the scene, with a young lieutenant in command.

Denson perceived that it would take a little diplomacy to properly handle the federal authority, so he decided to attend to the matter in person.

He went to the lieutenant, and, after extending the usual liquid courtesies, he asked him whether he was a believer in Caucasian domination. The officer admitted that he was.

"Then I want to tell you," said Denson, "that your presence here with soldiers may mean nigger domination in this district."

The young man said he was sorry to hear that, and after thinking it over for a minute he asked the candidate what road the colored population usually came in by to reach the polls. Denson told him.

"I think we will have a fair election," said the officer, and with further courtesies Denson went away.

When the colored voters arrived at a con-

venient point on the outskirts of the town they found a couple of sergeants on guard, each with a keg of whiskey in his keeping and a tin dipper. The heart of every voter was made glad with a drink and a Democratic ballot was handed him, with the assurance that if he came back the same way at night, with two witnesses to the fact that he had voted that ticket, he should be given a second drink.

The scheme worked to a charm. There was no distinction of color in the vote of that precinct, and Denson was triumphantly elected.

General Cogswell, of Massachusetts, is one of the heaviest members of the House. He is also one of the shrewdest statesmen in Washington, and he seldom has to take an upper berth in a sleeping car.

When once he discovered that he had drawn an upper berth in the Pullman lottery he waited until a few minutes of the time of leaving before boarding the train. When everybody seemed to be within hearing distance the General called out to the porter and demanded to

know whether the car was new and in good repair.

"The reason I want to know," he said, in a loud voice, "is because I had a rough experience last night and night before on one of your cars. They put me in an upper berth, and both times it gave way in the middle of the night and let me down on the man underneath. I've got an upper berth this trip and I don't care to have the thing happen again. You see I'm a little heavier than the ordinary run and it's no joke."

The other passengers began to prick up their ears and looked around. A half-dozen of them asked the fat gentleman what the number of his berth might be, and on his announcing it the timid occupant of the berth underneath proposed, with a great show of courtesy, that it would be a good thing to swap, and the exchange was made with glee on both sides.

Ike Hill, the Democratic whip in the House, is an expert in the dead languages. During a lively scrap on the floor one day it looked for a while as if the sergeant-at-arms would be

called on to shake his mace in the faces of obstreperous members. Hill was very much excited.

"If I had this thing in charge," he exclaimed, "I'd pitch them out of the window, *nolens volens*."

"What does that mean, Ike," said Cooper, of Indiana, who never saw a Latin book in his life.

"*Nolens volens*," exclaimed the Ohio linguist, with a look of great contempt, "means head over heels."

"That is excellent; I must remember that," said Cooper; and he went away entirely satisfied.

Frye and Blackburn are two of the greatest chums in the Senate. The down-East radical and the Kentucky fire-eater have a number of manly qualities in common, and each has a touch of humor in spite of a prevailing seriousness of character.

Frye delights to mimic the dialect and the mannerisms of his Southern friend. He declares that he overheard a conversation between

the Kentuckian and a visiting stranger in the Senate lobby. The stranger asked Blackburn politely whether Senator Hoar was in the chamber. The Kentucky Senator replied, with equal courtesy and a profound bow:

"Senator Ho' is not on de flo'. He went out of dat do' at half-past fo'."

Congressman McCreary tells a story of an experience of his in Kentucky a good many years ago. There was a great celebration in one of the towns in his district over the presentation to the town of a fountain. The Congressman happened to be in the place, and, of course, he was invited up on the platform when the speech-making began.

He hardly knew what the excitement was all about, and had no idea of figuring in the performance, but after the exercises were well under way the chairman leaned over and whispered that the distinguished citizen who had been booked to make the speech of acceptance on the part of the town had been taken suddenly down with a bad case of stage

fright, and that there was no way out of it except for the Congressman to take his place.

McCreary hadn't been paying any attention to what was going on, but he is equal to most occasions and he promptly replied that he would undertake the job if they would let him manage it in his own way.

The speech of presentation was almost completed, and McCreary hustled a small boy down to the leader of the band with a tip to start up playing just as soon as he should rise to make the response.

The band answered expectations fully. While it was playing McCreary was making his speech. He gesticulated with great vehemence and turned an eloquent countenance to his would-be auditors, but not a sound escaped his lips. When the band got through he stopped.

That night he sat down at his leisure and wrote out a speech fit to figure in the school readers. It was printed duly in the record of the proceedings, and nobody ever suspected that the crowd had been treated to a pantomime.

Brookshire, of Indiana, entertained some constituents one evening by taking them to a symphony concert. The music palled on his taste after the first number, and before the concert was half through he passed the word to his friends and they all got up and filed out.

When they reached the street they looked at one another with hazy expressions on their faces. The Hoosiers thought it a queer kind of entertainment, but they hesitated to express themselves for fear of offending their Congressman.

Finally one of them mustered up courage to suggest that the performance was considerably different from anything to which they had been accustomed at home, and asked the Congressman if that was the sort of thing he had learned to like in Washington.

"Well," replied Brookshire tentatively. "It's quite the thing here, and everybody talks about it a good deal. That's the reason I try to enjoy it. But to tell you the truth, boys," he added, confidentially, "I don't think I really understand any music that isn't in the English language."

Judge Lisle, the brilliant young Congressman from the mountain district of Kentucky, has a brother as bright as he, who is a prosperous farmer at home. The farmer brother strolled into the village store in Winchester one day, and the local wit began to quiz him by asking what he was busying himself about.

"Oh," he replied good-naturedly, "just cutting a little corn and raising a few pigs."

"Just think of it," remarked the store-keeper, teasingly; "what a difference there is between members of the same family. Here you are just a plain, ordinary farmer, living along here raising a few pigs and cutting a little corn, and there's your brother Marcus up in Washington—one of the three hundred statesmen who are framing the laws for sixty million people. Now what do you suppose Marcus is doing up there while you are loafing around here in Winchester?"

"Oh," replied the farmer, with a drawl, "I reckon he's roaming around like he always did, just asking everybody what's it all about."

One of the characters of the House is the man who is known as "Farmer" Edmunds,

of Virginia, and he is ever ready to tell stories upon himself.

In the Fifty-first Congress Speaker Reed placed him upon the Committee on the Revision of the Laws, and "that rare old fellow," as the Maine man alluded to the Virginian, after meeting him, went to the Speaker and wanted to know why he put a farmer on such a committee. But Tom Reed was equal to the occasion.

"Mr. Edmunds," he said, in his placid manner. "To be candid with you, when I got nearly through my work I was compelled to stick some of the new men on the Democratic side in any places I had left. When I first came to Congress the Speaker put me down at the tail end of the Committee on Territories, and I pledge you my word and honor that at that time I would not have known a territory if I had met one walking down Pennsylvania Avenue."

The Virginian offered no further objections to his committee place.

Here is another of Edmunds' stories: When he was running for the upper branch of the

State Legislature he went upon his canvass to the lower end of his district, and arrived there one Saturday night. In the evening his campaign manager said to him: "There is going to be a big meeting at the church to-morrow, and I think you had better put in an appearance there. There is nothing like attending service and shaking hands with the brethren and sisters to obtain votes."

The candidate agreed, and the next morning the two set out together for the church, but as the weather was warm, the road not any too smooth and the horse slow of motion the two politicians did not reach the sacred edifice until the service had commenced. Seats were scarce, and there was only room in what was known as "the amen corner," where the two men could not secure seats together, and were put several pews apart.

They had been seated only a few moments when the preacher, who seemed to be looking squarely at the candidate for State Senator, on whom many eyes in the congregation were centred—the candidate hoped every eye was—said: "Will Brother Edmunds please lead us in prayer?"

However much of a believer Mr. Edmunds is in religion, he is one of those men who have never prayed in public. He was consequently in a dreadful state of agitation, and great drops of perspiration rolled down his kindly face. But he arose, feeling that it was his duty and a stern campaign necessity to make a first attempt. Naturally, he hesitated, and just then he heard a voice behind him commencing a prayer. It seemed that the brother, who sat just behind him, was also named Edmunds, and that he was the real man to whom the speaker had spoken.

Congressman Edmunds says that he never enjoyed a prayer so much in his life as the one that his namesake made that day, while he sat down and congratulated himself upon his narrow escape.

There are too many Hendersons in Washington to have matters move along smoothly among the different possessors of that family name. There are three members of Congress of the name from the States of Illinois, Iowa and North Carolina.

One day Congressman Henderson, of Iowa,

received a letter, which read: "Get out your whitewashing pail and come up to the house. There is a piece of ceiling that needs your attention right away. This time we want no fooling about the matter, either. You have disappointed us several times already, and this time we propose to take no excuses. The whitewashing must be done, and at once, and you must do it."

For a time the Republican leader from Iowa was non-plussed, but at last he decided that the epistle had wandered from its true course, and had come to him by mistake. So he sealed it up, wrote upon the envelope, "Opened by mistake, probably meant for Congressman Henderson, of North Carolina," and sent the letter back to the post-office.

The epistle was then sent to the North Carolina Henderson, who read it in surprise, and experienced the same mental emotions as did his Iowa namesake. He sealed it up again, and wrote upon the outside, "Opened by mistake by J. S. Henderson. Try T. J. Henderson, Congressman from Illinois."

Back the letter went to the post-office, and thence to the Congressman from Illinois, but he

decided that it was not for him, and recommended in writing on the outside that it be sent to Congressman Henderson, of Iowa.

But the post-office authorities took a hand in the game at this juncture, investigated the Henderson mystery and delivered the letter to its rightful owner. This individual was a man by the name of Henderson, who takes care of the fires at the Capitol, does odd pieces of work at different times, and makes a specialty of white-washing.

A strange and important historical fact came to light recently in the shape of a legend that Springer, of Illinois, he of the red carnation and perpetual motion, was once actually non-plussed.

As the story is told, this historical event happened several years ago when a tariff debate was on in the House. Judge Kelley, of Pennsylvania, the "father of protection," as he was called, was a firm believer on the value of object lessons. The subject under discussion was pottery, and the Pennsylvania Congressman was teaching a lesson to the House.

Resting on his desk was a huge piece of pottery, beautiful as it was big, burnished cop-

per in color, with delicate grape vines running artistically over it. Twining his arms lovingly around it, Judge Kelley began his speech. He was a ponderous orator, his early experience as an actor in the days when the pronunciation of every syllable and every sentence was considered a *sine qua non* of elegant oratory having molded his manner of speaking.

In his leisurely way he proceeded to show how much the raw material in that work of art cost, how much the workmanship and some facts about the prices. But Mr. Springer concluded that it would not do to let Judge Kelley proceed any further with an object lesson which was going to show that labor was about the only thing protected when it came to pottery, so he rose and pointing his finger satirically toward the Pennsylvanian, sarcastically inquired: "Mr. Speaker, what is that thing?"

The Pennsylvanian never removed his arms from the artistic creation. Raising his voice higher he said: "Mr. Speaker, in Il-li-noi-y it would be called a spittoon; in Pennsylvania, sir, we call it a vase."

In the roar that followed Springer sat down and actually wilted.

IN THE SPEAKER'S EYE.

TOM REED'S pen nets him from two to three thousand dollars every year outside his salary as a Congressman. He commands his own prices, and his market is always waiting for him. He is indolent by nature and indulges in literary composition only when the mood is on him. His moods generally depend on whether he has in hand an order from one of the big magazines. He has never reached the stage where he is willing to sit down and write a thing in cold blood on the chance of getting a publisher for it.

When one of the magazines wants anything from him the editor lets him know exactly what is wanted, and just when it is necessary to have it. Occasionally an inexperienced editor will imagine he is gaining a point by making his application a month or six weeks in advance. This is a needless precaution. Reed can do a thing as well in a day as in a month. No

matter how long a notice may be given, he puts off the work until it can no longer be postponed; then he sits down with a stenographer and talks right along for an hour or two, and the thing is done. He thinks in epigrams, and it is as easy for him to speak one or to write one as it would be for another man to ask the time of day.

Young Bailey, of Texas, and the learned Culberson are an odd pair of chums. The youthful expounder of the Constitution, the first day he took his seat in Congress, selected the hard-headed old lawyer for his guide, philosopher and friend. He told him frankly what he expected to do, and asked what was the best course for a young man to pursue in order to attract the attention of the House.

"Ride a hobby, my boy, ride a hobby!" was the old judge's sententious reply, and the young fellow promptly took charge of the Constitution. The two have been close friends ever since. They can be seen any day strolling up from the Capitol to the Metropolitan hotel with their frock coats and broad-brimmed felt hats, the

smooth boyish face of one contrasting pleasantly with the grizzled countenance of the older man.

Dolliver, of Iowa, is a Congressman whom it is not easy to place among the most youthful members of the House, but he is only thirty-five years old, and when he startled the House with a splendid outburst of eloquence early in the Fifty-first Congress he had hardly turned his thirtieth birthday. Dolliver was a mere boy of twenty-six when his name first became known to the country. Blaine happened to hear him speak at a political meeting during the famous swing around the circle in 1884, and the Maine leader was so charmed with the youthful orator's dash and fervor and with the brilliancy of his diction that he predicted for Dolliver a distinguished political career. Dolliver, like Cockran, courts the companionship of the older and more distinguished members of the House. He has already justified Blaine's estimate of his powers.

Bynum, of Indiana, was a candidate for the speakership in the Hoosier House of Repre-

sentatives in 1883, and won the prize after a close contest. There was an old fellow, named Graham, from Posey county, who was serving his first term, and who declined to pledge his support to anybody. Bynum was very anxious to get his vote and went after it. The Hoosier listened to the candidate's arguments respectfully, and then blurted out:

"You're all right, Mr. Bynum. I'd just as lief vote for you as any man, but I don't believe in this idea of electing a speaker. It seems to me that every member of the House ought to be allowed to do his own speaking for himself."

"Dave" Henderson, of Iowa, with his fiery eloquence, is one of the picturesque figures in the House. He stumps around on a wooden leg, which takes the place of a nimble limb that went from under him at the battle of Corinth. The wound which cost him his leg, and nearly cost him his life, was not his first wound or his last. He returned to the field before it had fairly healed. Henderson was a boy in school when the war broke out, but his Scotch blood leaped to the sound of the firing on Fort

Sumter. He brought his schoolmates together, made a stirring appeal, and formed on the spot the nucleus of a company to go to the front. He was a lieutenant temporarily in command of this company at the storming of Fort Donelson, and while joining in the charge on the Rebel works he was terribly wounded in the neck. He refused to give up his place, however, until the Union forces were in full possession, and then he sank to the ground completely exhausted from loss of blood.

Tom Reed furnished the Democrats with a campaign cry in 1892, which stuck until the day of election. Half a dozen members of Congress were grouped about his desk one day in August talking politics and trying to laugh themselves cool. There were three or four Democrats among the number, and Dolliver jokingly taunted them on the tameness of their campaign.

"The trouble with your ticket is that you haven't got a catch word that hits the people," he said. "The bandanna was the strongest

thing about the ticket four years ago, and you haven't got anything to take its place."

"That's so," exclaimed Catchings. "We need some sort of a cry the worst way."

"But you have a cry," remonstrated Reed, "and a very good one—the prophet and the ballot box—both stuffed."

There is no more interesting man in the House than Boutelle, of Maine. A big, handsome fellow he is, with a voice that penetrates every part of the House, and an eye that commands attention. He is the most thorough and enthusiastic of Republicans, and unsparing in his attacks upon the opposing party. He is a good speaker, and is always listened to with the greatest interest.

Boutelle has had a most interesting career. His father was a New England sea captain, and from him the Congressman inherited a love for the sea. He started his ocean career in his father's ships and continued in them for eight years. Then he began a brilliant career in the navy, putting down several mutinies, winning repeated promotion for gallant conduct, until

finally he reached the highest grade which a volunteer officer could then obtain in the service.

After the war he gave up the sea and became an editor. An editor he is yet, for he and his brother run the Bangor *Whig and Courier*.

The first time he ran for Congress he was defeated, but not discouraged, even though he ran in a Democratic district. At the next election he fought still harder and was handsomely elected. He has been six times nominated without a dissenting voice in caucus or convention in the most populous district of Maine. Ever since he has been in Congress he has been the mainstay of the Naval Committee in the House.

There is nothing regarding the navy that Boutelle does not know, and successive secretaries of both parties come to him for advice regarding the work of the department. Perhaps a higher compliment was never paid a Congressman than when, near the close of the first session of the Fifty-first Congress, while all hands were full of fight, the House, without debate and by unanimous vote, passed a joint

resolution appropriating a plump million dollars for the use of the Secretary of the Navy in purchasing nickel ore, on Boutelle's personal statement that he had investigated the matter and that it was all right.

Every time tellers are appointed in the House there is an interesting sight. A member on each side of the question under dispute takes his stand in front of the Speaker's desk and the members file between the two men and record their votes. There are two men who do not do this. They are Stone, of Kentucky, and Sickles, of New York. Each of these lost a leg in the war and is obliged to use a crutch at all times. Whenever a vote is taken by tellers some member near one of them finds out how he wishes to vote, then takes his crutch and marches with it down to the front, passing between the tellers. The vote is recorded and the crutch is taken back to its owner again.

The House has a saying that "Kilgore is mightier than the majority." Its truth has

been proved by the way in which he has defeated alone and unaided more than one measure which over two-thirds of the House wished to have passed. His baptismal name is Constantine Buckley Kilgore, and his every-day title is the appropriate one of "Buck."

A picture of Kilgore sitting at his desk in the House does not reveal his character. He has a kind and almost benevolent cast of features, and with his white hair and massive chin whisker he looks the incarnation of charity towards all and malice towards none. No matter how fierce and bitter the contest that is raging around his head, no matter what is said about him by those on the other side, there is always a good-natured but deceptive smile upon his face.

One secret of Kilgore's success as a filibusterer is, that he does not know the meaning of the word "tired." With a splendid frame and great physical strength he never wearies, and can stand his ground until he wears his opponents out. He has seen hard service in the ranks, fighting in Mexico and along the Texas border, and is an athlete of no mean ability.

Asher Caruth, of Kentucky, was the first man in Washington to appear in one of the suits of Kentucky tow which Tom Reed has made famous as an article of summer attire. The first day he put it on he strolled into Carlisle's room at the Treasury Department. Carlisle gazed at him in astonishment. "What in thunder have you got on?" he demanded.

"That is a pretty question for a Kentuckian to ask," was the reply. "It's a suit of Kentucky tow, and the beauty of it is that the oftener you wash it the better it looks."

"My dear boy," said Carlisle, in a commiserating tone; "you had better get it washed again right away."

Two of the greatest chums in the House are Cornish and Cadmus, of New Jersey. They are generally to be seen in each other's company, and usually arm in arm. They lunch together, dine together and spend the evenings together at Chamberlin's. Each expects to be Governor of New Jersey some day, and their only regret is that they cannot both be Governor at the same time.

George Washington Murray, the colored congressman from South Carolina, has a private secretary who is even blacker than he. The congressman has a finer perception of the fitness of things than many of his white associates. He never condescends to travel around to the departments himself on errands of his constituents, but invariably sends his young colored assistant with notes couched in the most exuberant rhetoric.

Congressman Boutelle retails a bit of experience which he thinks illustrates the way things go on in the Senate. When he reached Boston on his way to Washington from Bangor, once he wanted a carriage in a hurry to take him across the city to the Old Colony station.

The first driver he hailed was going to a different part of the city, and the congressman turned to another who was standing not far away. The cabby looked at him with cool disdain.

"Didn't I see you talking to that other gentleman just now?" he inquired haughtily.

"Certainly," replied the congressman.

"Were you negotiating with him to carry you?"

"Of course, I was," responded the puzzled and impatient representative. "What business is that of your's?"

"In that case," said the cabby, who evidently believed that the congressman had been trying to jew his companion down and proposed to protect the dignity of the craft, "you will have to get across the city as best you can," and he turned coolly away.

"That," says Boutelle, when he tells the story, "illustrates the famous 'senatorial courtesy.' My choler was rising and I was counting the minutes. Just then a herdic drove by, and I hailed it. The driver drew up in spite of the signals of the courteous cabby for him to drive on. 'Do you carry people for money?' I demanded. 'You bet!' yelled the driver. And before the other fellow could interfere I had hustled my satchel into the herdic and was tearing away to the station. That was closure.'"

There is a remarkable similarity between the craniums of Senator Hill and Speaker

Crisp. The two statesmen could swap hats without knowing it; their high foreheads run up along the same dome-like lines, spreading into expanses of baldness of equal resplendency and extent; their chins would fit into the same mold, and so would their ears; while it would take a physiognomist to trace the lines of individual character in each from a comparison of the infinitesimal variations in the contour of the nose.

John DeWitt Warner, of New York, caught in certain combinations of light and shadow, is a perfect fac-simile of James A. Garfield.

The resemblance is so striking as to be almost ghastly. It shows especially in the side face, the shape of the head and the reddish color of the hair and beard.

Warner is immensely proud of the likeness, and takes pains to turn the resemblance profile to the observer whenever he finds himself the target of a pair of eyes.

Dr. Everett, of Massachusetts, and Ashbel Fitch, of New York, seated themselves on a divan in the Arlington lobby for a little chat.

The New York congressman was enjoying his cigar as usual, and politely asked his scholastic companion if he objected to smoking.

"I always reply to that question in one way," responded the doctor with a little grimace, "if you can stand it I can."

Speaker Crisp is an inveterate smoker, and he has the reputation of puffing the cheapest cigars of any member of Congress. He has a way of sitting in the doorway of the Democratic cloak-room, enveloped in clouds of smoke, while listening to speeches on the floor. The members of the House have, in self-defense, adopted the custom of giving him cigars so that they can come within smelling distance while he is smoking.

Tom Reed has also taken to the weed again. Until the beginning of the present Congress he had not touched a cigar for four years, but he has suddenly gone back to his old habits, and

is seldom seen outside the halls of the House without a fragrant Havana between his lips.

The Speaker and the ex-Speaker are almost the only members of the House who respect the rule forbidding smoking on the floor.

Richardson, of Tennessee, is the man whom Speaker Crisp most often calls to the chair. He is a Tennessee mountaineer, over six feet tall, with a little tapering head, and his principal distinction lies in the fact that he is the thinnest man in Congress. He is an excellent specimen of the poor white who has become prosperous through his own exertions, and he knows just enough about parliamentary law to shut off debate when he sees things going the wrong way. His great feature as a presiding officer is the athletic way in which he pounds the desk with his gavel. He shows it no mercy, and has broken gavels and desks alike while he has occupied the Speaker's chair.

Richardson is a Presbyterian elder, a Sunday-school superintendent, an ex-candidate for the ministry, and is possessed of inexhaustible

capacity for debate on every conceivable subject.

Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, is as dapper as he is bright. He is slight of figure, agile of motion and possessed of a piercing voice which is almost feminine in its compass.

He has an odd way of carrying his head, slightly cocked to one side with a saucy toss, like a pert young bantam spoiling for a scrimmage with the other chickens in the barnyard.

Dalzell is one of the most effective debaters in the House, and he has a special faculty for asking disconcerting questions.

*HOKE, "SHAN," STERLING AND
"DAN."*

HOKE SMITH is the joke of the Cabinet, and his appointment is regarded as a sure proof that Mr. Cleveland is something of a wag himself. But the gentleman from Georgia does not consider it a joke, nor does he see anything funny, in being secretary of the interior. He takes himself very seriously, and is about the only person who does. He prides himself upon the number of hours that he sits at his desk, and thinks that that is the main thing connected with being a Cabinet officer.

He insists that he is not lazy, but that all his life he has labored night and day. He says he likes work ; but in spite of this statement he spends much of his time in loafing about the hotels, sitting with his feet on the window sill of the smoking-room, or leaning up against the lamp post outside. He couldn't be dignified if he tried ; and when he does try he is funnier

than ever. He does not waste much time in sleep, and boasts that he and Napoleon could get along with few hours of rest. He is very fond of quoting the words of Franklin's famous maxim, "six hours of sleep for a man, seven for a woman, eight for a child, nine for a fool."

Hoke thinks that he is too busy to go into society, too busy to make acquaintances of that sort. In one respect he is fortunate. He has a constitution of iron that nothing can break down. He is never sick; everything he does and everything he eats agrees with him. He can run like a professional, despite his weight; can row and swim like a backwoodsman, and box like a Corbett. He is the man on horseback of the administration. When the Cabinet has a meeting he rides up to the White House at breakneck speed like a cow-boy, dismounts at the door, and, as Jefferson is reputed to have done at the time of his first inauguration, ties his horse himself.

In this way he makes himself conspicuous by dashing about the streets on his big bay gelding, the clanking of whose hoofs on the

asphalt driveway of the White House grounds just before Cabinet meeting can be heard a square away. When he wishes to appear dignified he rides about in an open yellow wagon, pulled by the same horse on whose back he delights to exhibit himself. The horse bears the name of Bucephalus, and he and the secretary of the interior have been boon companions for years. They came to Washington together, and Bucephalus occupied an express car all to himself on the trip from Atlanta, while the owner contented himself with an upper berth.

Mr. Smith's advice has little weight at the President's council board. He is really nothing but a big boy, and his colleagues treat him as one. They like him well enough in his way. He is a kind of unexpected rocket at their meetings, always likely to spring up with some startling and almost blood-curdling proposition. He disagrees with the President, tells him about it to his face, calls it independence, and then writes about it to his paper, and has it printed, with startling headlines, the next

day. The President and the Cabinet humor him as they would a child. In fact, every one considers him harmless.

Hoke takes a pride in writing letters; he works them off by the basketful. He is fond of reading his own literary productions, and bought the *Atlanta Journal* because he wanted to write editorials and see them in print. He used to do tariff editorials, mark them with a red pencil, and send them to Mr. Cleveland; he says that is one reason why he is now a member of the Cabinet. He still writes for his paper, but now only about himself. He has a strict order in his newspaper office that every complimentary thing that is said about him shall be at once reprinted; then he sends on items himself from Washington about his growing popularity and the immense amount of work that he is doing. He treats his Cabinet office as a boy would a new toy.

He is rich, but he does not spend much money. He claims that his income as the

silent partner of his legal firm at Atlanta is three or four times the amount of his Cabinet salary. He does not drink; he does not smoke. The secretaryship is the first political office that he ever held, and it has caused an Oliver Twist taste in his mouth for more. He wants to be governor of his state; he wants to be senator; he wants to be President; and he thinks he could be President if he only lived in a Northern state.

The biggest man in the Cabinet is Postmaster General Bissell. For a time he and Secretary Hoke Smith were rivals for this distinction, and each had his supporters who loudly proclaimed that their man was the heavier. But a fair trial was made with the scales, and the Buffalo lawyer won by twenty-two pounds over the Atlanta editor. In fact, "Shan" Bissell is so large, physically, that he had to have a chair made especially for him. The chair that John Wanamaker used was too small, and the new one is mammoth in size, and has all the appearance of a rustic bench.

Mr. Bissell's pictures flatter him wonderfully. On close inspection his lips are almost an inch thick, and they are fearfully ungovernable. His flesh is flabby ; it has the appearance of having been poured on hot and cooled unevenly. But he is a good laugh, and enjoys a good joke. Long before you see his eyes twinkle or hear the guttural of his voice his laugh shows itself around his ears, and comes creeping over the top of his head in waves of flesh. Like the mountain, he laughs with joy, but, unlike the hills, he has none of the agility of the lamb.

Bissell is the story teller of the Cabinet and of the administration. A good share of the time that he spends in his office is given over to telling stories. The people who come to see him expect it. He does not make his callers come into his room in single file. The more the merrier so far as he is concerned. He likes crowds, and does not like solitude ; there is no such thing as privacy in the postmaster-general's office. If you wish to see him in private you must go to his house on K Street

in the evening, and you must go early, too, for he does not spend much time at home.

The doors leading to his room in the post-office building are always open; if you have anything to say to him you say it in the presence of whoever is in the room at the time. But the people who go there to see him do not have much to say. Mr. Bissell does the talking himself. He spends many hours a day in his office. He is the first to arrive in the morning, and he is there at night long after most of the clerks have finished their work and have gone home.

Mr. Bissell is too good natured to make a good postmaster-general. The office requires a man who will overhaul things and be firm in his decisions; he is not that kind of a man. He is careless about minor matters, and has an unbounded faith that things will come out all right in the end anyway whether he makes a mistake or not. Such a thing as worry is a stranger to him. When he goes out of the building at night he leaves the cares of his

office behind him ; he ceases to be postmaster-general, and becomes a man fond of good company. "Old wines to drink, old songs to sing, old stories to tell" is the *summum bonum* of his existence.

The Buffalo lawyer cannot refuse a favor ; he has no firmness in his makeup, and is easily influenced. When he makes a decision no one knows how long it will stand ; if a man comes in and wants it changed it will be changed. In a mild way he believes in civil service reform, but in nothing are his views radical. He does not want to bother himself about appointments. He leaves these questions to his subordinates, and lets them have their own way, unless a storm of opposition compels him to take the matter into his own hands. He is independent in not caring what is said about him : newspaper criticism has no effect whatever upon him ; printed attacks amuse him, that is all.

Scarcely a night passes that the postmaster-general is not at the White House. He stays there late, too, and almost any evening can be

seen coming out of the White House grounds about midnight. He is quite a pedestrian for all of his hundreds of pounds. He swings along the streets at a rapid gait, and takes long walks in the country. He likes tobacco even better than he does walking, and is seldom without a cigar. He has his special brand manufactured expressly for him and put up in dainty boxes.

The postmaster-general is not much of a reader. He likes magazines better than he does books, and newspapers better than all. When he does take up a book it is generally one on law, and his law library is one of the most extensive in Washington. One of his fads is to have his picture taken; his home is a regular portrait gallery of himself, taken in all attitudes and at all times. He has an album containing a picture of himself for every year of his life, and this album and the scrap book, telling of the events that went on while he was at Yale, are among his most valued possessions.

J. Sterling Morton is really the best scholar in the Cabinet. In fact, his mind is a curious

composite photograph of knowledge. He can write an article in French, or drive a mowing machine; write a classical poem, or handle a hoe. He speaks French and German as easily as he does English; he reads agricultural works and books in different languages. His specialty is trees, and this he is making the real study of his life. He whiles away his time at his desk by writing little verses, but he never allows these to be printed.

He used to have a newspaper of his own, and he studied law and wrote editorials at the same time. His life has always been one of contention. He likes politics, and can always be found in the thickest of every fight. One of his titles is "The stormy petrel of Nebraska politics." He has always been trying to do something, and usually succeeding. He has stumped the state of Nebraska more times than he has fingers. He has been at odds with his party in his state and with its leaders. He made his reputation by founding "Arbor day," and this started him in the direction of the study of forestry.

Morton's wife died about ten years ago. On the tombstone he had carved also his own name and the name of his sons. -He showed the tombstone to his sons. "If either of you," said he, "does a dishonorable thing, I will have his name chiselled off that stone."

You would not expect that the most exclusive member of the Cabinet would be the man who once sold newspapers upon the streets of Albany; but such is the case. "Dan" Lamont is the most exclusive member of Mr. Cleveland's Cabinet. It is harder to get an opportunity to see him than it is any of his Cabinet colleagues. You can walk without reserve into Gresham's room, and be sure of a hearty, Western greeting; you can gossip with Carlisle over persons and things; but you can do none of these things with Lamont. There is a covering of reserve about him that it is impossible to break through. He has a combined air of business and mystery that makes familiarity a stranger.

He always has the appearance of a man who is too busy to talk with you, and who regards

it as wasting every moment of the time while you are with him. He has been the confidential man of so many prominent men—Tilden, Cleveland and the rest—and so accustomed to keep their secrets locked up fast in his breast; he has repressed his feelings so long in his efforts to be studiously diplomatic that natural cordiality he has lost.

Lamont is the hardest man in Washington to find. The war department, the White House and the secretary's private residence are all within shooting distance of each other, and yet if a man, whom Colonel "Dan" is not particularly anxious to see, starts out to locate the secretary he has a good three days' job before him. If the anxious caller goes to the department he is told that the secretary is at his residence; if he goes to the residence he is told that the secretary is at the department. Generally, he is at the White House.

Lamont is not so much a Cabinet officer as he is Mr. Cleveland's confidential adviser. He never was more thoroughly the President's

private secretary than he is to-day. He does the private secretary's thinking, while Mr. Thurber holds the position and attends to the routine. Thurber is the clerk and Lamont the secretary. Whenever there is a question in the President's mind as to what should be done it is to "Dan" that he turns for advice, and "Dan" is always ready with a solution.

Lamont is the politician of the administration, and his real title is Secretary of Politics and Expediency. He was put into the Cabinet for this purpose. This is why he refused to be postmaster-general. That office would require too much attention; he preferred the war portfolio, for in that department matters drift along quietly and run themselves. He is a good executive officer; that he has shown and is showing; but, above all, he is a politician, and all his life has been devoted to politics.

He is the one person to whom the door of the White House is never shut, and whom the President is never too busy to see. He is in

daily conference with Mr. Cleveland. He does not care for society, and goes out only for the sake of his wife. He reads books much, but he is fondest of newspapers, and retains the ability of a journalist to read all the papers without performing the work of actually reading one.

He uses neither tobacco nor liquor, no matter what the occasion. He once said that all his people were Presbyterians, and that he was brought up in that faith. "And do you attend a Presbyterian church in town?" he was asked. "My wife does," said he; an answer that was the fruit of twenty years of training in politics. In everything, except his abundant humor, he is an intensely practical man, who looks upon the world as a workshop in which he has enough to do to keep him busy all his life, and in politics he is no less practical than in all things else.

TOLD AFTER ADJOURNMENT.

SENATOR VANCE, of North Carolina, is a mine of picturesque anecdotes. Here is one of his tales. Along early in the '40s Asheville was a good deal smaller place than it is now, and it was away out of the beaten line of travel. The only man in town who could read was the postmaster, whose name was Brown. The rest of the natives were entirely dependent upon him for their knowledge of what was going on in the outside world.

The habitues of the post-office at last struck on the brilliant idea of subscribing for a weekly paper in common. All subscribed to the pool with the exception of the postmaster, who was admitted free in view of his services as reader, and Brown arranged to have the old *National Intelligencer*, of Washington, forwarded every week to his address.

The newspaper was practically the only mail that came to the town, and special arrange-

ments were made to have it brought up regularly from Salisbury, twenty miles away. When the paper came in Brown would assemble the members of the pool and read it to them, beginning religiously with the announcement of rates, at the top of the first column of the first page, and going through to the end. On pleasant days the neighbors didn't have a great deal of time to devote to literature, and they got in the habit of coming around for their news rations only when the weather was too rainy for outdoor work.

At this rate Brown found that he couldn't keep up with the procession, and he adopted a plan of reading the papers in order, forming a stack, shoving the latest issue underneath and taking them off the top one by one. The stock kept growing on him, and to make matters worse the *Intelligencer* increased its size about that time by a couple of columns on each page. Still the postmaster kept bravely on, and by the time the Mexican war broke out there was a stack of formidable size to attend to.

As the village depended altogether for its information on these occasional readings, no-

body heard anything about the outbreak of the war till after peace had been declared.

Then they reached the war layer of the *Intelligencer*, and as the news began to culminate in the reading the excitement grew intense. There was only one thing for them to do as patriotic Americans, and they promptly did it. They organized a company, including every man of fighting age in the town, elected Brown captain, and started out bravely for the scene of operations, with old flint locks in their hands and badger tails in their hats.

They got as far as Salisbury before they discovered the real state of affairs, and when they found out how badly they had been cheated by the postmaster they made the town so hot for the poor fellow that he had to take French leave.

Senator Proctor, in his quiet, homely way, is one of the shrewdest business men in the United States. He got his first start toward a great fortune through the kind offices of Interstate Commerce Commissioner Veazey. Proctor and Veazey were members of the same law firm, at Rutland, a good many years ago.

Afterward Veazey was promoted to the bench, and while in that position the affairs of an insolvent marble firm in West Rutland came before him for adjustment.

He appointed Proctor receiver of the concern, and Proctor managed the business so skillfully that in a few months it was on a fair way to a paying business. Proctor saw his opportunity, formed a pool, and got the quarries into his own hands. From that day he has been piling up wealth without a break.

The senator has an apparently careless habit of buying up farms. Every little while an item will appear in one of the local papers to the effect that he has made an addition to his agricultural possessions, and the good people of Rutland long ago learned to look for the unexpected discovery of a new marble quarry very soon after one of these inexpensive farms came into his hands.

Here is a story which Benton McMillin tells of Reed: During the Fifty-first Congress one of the new Western members broke out in a maiden speech that was intended to be the sensation of the hour. It was certainly a remark-

able effort. The orator strode up and down the aisle, wildly swung his arms and swept back his hair, and with eyes glaring and bosom distended, he poured forth a torrent of wordy eloquence.

The Speaker stood it as long as he could. Then he beckoned the Tennessean. "McMillin," he said, "I am glad to have lived to this hour. It has been a profitable day with me. Before P—— began his oration I had never been fully able to appreciate the beauty and appropriateness of the Scriptural allusion to the 'wild ass's colt.'"

A good story is told of how Congressman Kyle, of Mississippi, came to be elected. He was but little known in his district, having never had occasion to mingle much with the voters, but he entered the race with four widely-known, brilliant campaigners.

It was necessary for him to use all his shrewdness. It is a very large district in territory, and altogether agricultural, and as the canvass opened along in May, the farmers were very

busy, and did not have time to talk politics. But Kyle adopted a novel plan.

He went the rounds of the district in a buggy, with a big, stout negro to drive him. He went right to the fields of the white voters, and driving up to where the sovereign was plowing, he would introduce himself. Then he would make the negro take hold of the plow and turn many a furrow while he and the farmer took a smoke under a shade tree and talked over the situation.

The plan worked to a charm, for the farmer would talk for any length of time his work was being done for him. Kyle secured the support of the horny-handed voters, and was triumphantly elected.

In spite of its advertising properties, the beard of Senator Pepper has its drawbacks. He is a great letter writer, and likes to devote much of his time in the Senate to this occupation. But his famous beard is so long that it rests upon his desk, and when he is engaged in writing it wanders along the paper and seriously interferes with his penmanship. He is com-

pelled to hold his beard off the desk with one hand while he writes with the other.

The Democrats of McMillin's district in Tennessee have never held another congressional convention since he was first nominated, eighteen years ago. No one else has ever thought of competing for the nomination. This practice will doubtless continue as long as he wishes to represent his district in Congress.

Down in the second row of seats in the House sits a short man with a patriarchal beard and a most beneficent smile, who spends most of his time in writing letters. In appearance he is the most harmless and peaceful of men, and it is almost impossible to realize what his past career has been.

This innocent-looking and insignificant-appearing individual is none other than General Joseph Wheeler, the most daring cavalry rider that sat upon the saddle during the civil war. At the head of a troop of Confederate cavalry his name inspired fear and trembling

in the hearts of the Union army. He was noted for his boldness, courage and recklessness.

He is not a great orator, and his voice in its present condition would not be up to the demands of giving commands to a troop of cavalry.

When he gets up to make a speech he is almost hidden from view by a pile of reference books upon his desk. He starts out bravely, and for a few sentences his sentiments ring out in tones that are heard to the farthest bounds of the gallery.

But gradually his voice weakens, his words become faint and indistinct, it is difficult for him to be heard even by those around him, and at last, with a final and departing squeak, his voice leaves him entirely and retires to the recesses of his throat. He is not easily discouraged, however, and still continues to speak when only his lips move and not a sound comes forth from them.

There is a queer incident connected with the election of Gibson, of Maryland, to a seat in the Senate. Gibson had been a member of the House during the Fifty-first Congress, and hav-

ing been defeated for renomination, decided that he would be a candidate for the clerkship of the coming Democratic House. But along in the fall Senator Gorman decided that Crisp must be elected Speaker, and that it would be unwise, if not impossible, for the South to obtain both the speakership and the clerkship.

So he went to Gibson, and said to him : " I can't allow you to be clerk of the House, but if you will withdraw from that contest I will have you appointed United States Senator so that you can have the honor of being a member of the Senate for a short time at least." To this proposition Gibson agreed.

Governor Jackson was told to appoint him a successor to Senator Wilson, who had just died, and he obediently carried out Gorman's commands. But the governor's understanding was that when the State Legislature met Gibson was to be retired to private life and Jackson sent to the Senate. In the meantime, however, Gorman had made the discovery that Gibson was a very good man for him to have around ; so at the proper time he gave the necessary instructions to the Legislature that Jackson should be the man to seek the seclusion of private life.

It is probably the first time in the history of American politics that a man has been put in the United States Senate to take him out of the fight for the clerkship of the House.

Bismarck still lives in the person of the Honorable Leonidas Frederick Livingstone, of Georgia, the man who organized the Peoples party of the South. When he stands upon the floor of the House pleading for economy and denouncing the Republicans he presents an exact counterpart of the pictures of the Iron Chancellor addressing the Reichstag.

His favorite expression seems to be, "Sink or swim, I am in favor of this bill," and with this borrowed peroration he closes all his speeches.

There is a member of the present Congress who has the honor of having fought with Edgar Allan Poe. This man is Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, who was at one time the intimate friend and banker of the eccentric poet. One day the two had a quarrel over the loan of a pistol, which culminated in Poe mak-

ing use of an offensive expression which English resented by a blow. A conflict followed; Poe received the worst of it, and the poet went away with a bleeding face vowing revenge. This is English's version of the encounter.

Congressman Edmunds, of Virginia, is very fond of telling good stories on himself; but there are some that are not told by him, but by his friends, and the following is one of them :

The rule in Virginia elections is that the Democrats have two judges at each polling place and the Republicans one. Halifax county, the home of "Farmer" Edmunds, has a tremendous negro population, and it used to roll up a Republican majority of considerable proportions until the present representative got into active politics. When he made his first race for Congress it is related that the Democrats selected for judges of election negroes who were not only unable to read, but who were excessively fond of liquor.

At the largest precinct in the county a colored man of this kind was kept well filled all

day, until when the polls closed his vision was in a very defective state. Edmunds, as the story goes, was present to witness the counting of the votes, and it was agreed to divide the work so that one white man should receive the ballots from the box, and another was to record ; and it was arranged, without a murmur on the part of the colored judge, that he was to string the ballots after they had been counted, as the law directs.

As he was given an extra drink, and a large one, and the bottle put near his elbow, the colored brother seemed perfectly satisfied.

The count commenced, and when nearly one hundred votes had been called out for Paul C. Edmunds and not more than a baker's dozen for the Republican candidate, the black judge said :

"Look here, gemmun. I knows Massa Edmunds is a mighty popular man in this county, but it 'pears to me more votes dan dem went in dat 'ere box for de 'publican candidate."

"You string !" thundered Farmer Edmunds, who was standing by watching the count. "That's what you agreed to do, you black rascal."

And the black rascal strung and Edmunds was elected by a rousing majority.

Handsome and popular Harry Rusk is the Democratic Congressman from Baltimore, and is also the chairman of the Democratic city committee of that city. He says that his greatest service in the latter capacity was inaugurating a great and needed reform in the methods of voting.

In the neighborhood of some of the polling places of Baltimore are slaughter houses, and these the Democrats were wont to utilize to carry the election for their side. They would capture some wandering fellow, take him over to one of the slaughter houses, dip his head in one of the vats filled with blood in the yard and then chase him to the polling place.

When the people who were trying to vote saw the man with his head covered with blood running toward them they would make their escape in a hurry and forget to cast their ballots. So whenever a party of Republicans were seen to approach the polls the Democrats would go

through the performance and prevent their voting.

Rusk put a stop to all this.

Members of Congress have queer tales written about them as one of the penalties which they pay for greatness. Even the staid and dignified senatorial representatives from Vermont are not free from this official handicap.

Senator Proctor and Senator Morrill were comparing notes one day. Morrill was wrathful over the report that had made him out a dead shot and a confirmed seeker after game.

"Why," said the venerable Senator from the Green Mountain State, "it's so long since I even had a gun in my hand that I do not believe I should know the muzzle from the safe end."

"That's nothing," interjected Proctor. "One of the latest things I saw about me said that I was an accomplished horse breaker, and there was a picture supposed to represent me, decked out in a swallow-tail coat and cracking a long whip at a frisky horse that was dancing around

me on its hind legs like the ringmaster in a circus.

“And the worst of it was that other people beside myself saw the article, and it amused them so that for the next few weeks my mail was filled with copies of this paper picturing me as a second Buffalo Bill, acrobat and horse trainer. It was a terrible ordeal to go through.”

Henry W. Blair, of New Hampshire, is dignified enough now, but he relates some very funny adventures through which he passed during his early career as a country pedagogue. It was in a decidedly rural district that he met with the most startling experience of all. “It was a school that had cleaned out the last teacher,” he says; “and as I was only a young fellow fresh from the academy, the parents had little hope that I would hold their unruly offspring in control. But I did. I was full of youthful muscle and I licked every one of the big fellows and had them in hand; but that was all.

“There was one big Portuguese girl whom I couldn't make behave. Mary Jane was too big to whip, and scolding didn't have any effect whatever. Finally, in despair, I told her before the school that the next time she misbehaved I should humiliate her before the other scholars, and that she had better look out.

“I was only waiting for the next opportunity, and she gave it to me pretty soon. I said: ‘Come to the platform.’ She came. ‘Sit down there,’ pointing to the large arm chair I usually occupied. She did as I told her, and then without further words I sat down in her lap, pushed the chair against the wall, braced my feet against the desk and went on with the class.

“The school tittered, but I was too solemn, and they soon sobered down. Mary Jane began to struggle and object, but I hung on. She was as big as I was, and I was beginning to think that she would get the better of me after all until she burst into a flood of tears.

“Now I hate tears. It made me feel mean, but more angry than ever. She cried to be let go. I told her that when she promised to obey she could, but not before. Well, the war went

on for over an hour. She had hysterics, but I clung to my seat and kept the classes going until, with a last gasp, she promised to obey, and I escaped quite as delighted as she.

“She behaved like a saint after that.”

OUR MIDWAY PLAISANCE.

THE duties of a foreign minister in Washington are not onerous. He sends dispatches now and then to his home government, and addresses communications to our own Secretary of State from time to time. But most of his energies are devoted to dancing attendance on the world of society. There is any amount of red tape wound tightly around the actions of a foreign representative. Whatever the minister wishes to have done by this government must be transmitted through the Secretary of State. If he wishes a favor of the Treasury Department he goes to Secretary Gresham, who refers the matter to Secretary Carlisle, and the favor is granted. It would be a great breach of propriety for a minister to visit the President, or write directly to him on any international business. The representatives of England, France, Germany and Italy, however, have recently been promoted to the rank of ambas-

sador, and, as the personal representatives of their sovereigns, can enjoy a privilege which is denied to all other members of the diplomatic corps.

The foreign ministers in this country receive better salaries from their governments than the United States pays to its representatives abroad. Secretaries of legations are better paid by our government, though those of the United States are fewer in number. Sir Julian Pauncefote, the big, towering British ambassador, who looks like Adam Forepaugh, of circus fame, gets \$30,000 a year, a superb house rent free in Washington, on the only piece of land that the British government owns in the United States, and a liberal allowance for entertaining. Our minister to Great Britain gets \$17,500 annually and has to pay his own rent. And so all along the line.

Besides Great Britain the only governments which own the establishments occupied by their legations here are Germany and Mexico. Baron Fava, the Italian Ambassador, has always received \$5000 a year from his home treasury for house rent, but he has preferred to econo-


mize by occupying a single room, a practice which has caused him considerable embarrassment at home. As a rule, however, diplomats are not niggardly.

Owing to the influence of republican simplicity the diplomats stationed in Washington wear their uniforms less and less every year. They are obliged to put them on for dinners and receptions at the White House given in their honor, but everywhere else they appear in ordinary evening dress.

From the æsthetic point of view this is to be regretted, for their official costumes are picturesque and handsome. That of the British ambassador is especially gorgeous—of white and gold, the chapeau being held under the arm. The dignitary who represents China is clad for ceremony in rich brocaded silks, of bright yellow and crimson; his cap adorned with a huge yellow diamond.

The superb and by no means unspeakable Turk is chiefly distinguished by his fez, while the minister from Korea is attired in flowing robes of white, with a hat like an exaggerated

fly trap. It must be remembered that Orientals regard the wearing of the hat as a sign of respect, and not the taking of it off.

The uniform worn by Chevalier de Tavera, of the Austrian legation, far outshines them all. It is a marvel of splendor and construction. Tavera is a man who would attract attention anywhere, with his tall figure and erect carriage. Over his black tight-fitting trousers he wears high top boots of patent leather. His coat is of glistening black velvet, cut in the romantic style of the French emperors of long ago, edged with black astrakhan, and with sleeves of black brocade. The front of the coat is encrusted with jewels, while the buttons of gold filigree open work are set with a large turquoise in the centre of each. In his hand, with a practiced grace, he carries a velvet hat, in shape like those worn by Spanish bull fighters, ornamented with a stiff, straight, red pompon of black and white. 

The foreign ministers have sufficient opportunity to discharge their official duties, quanti-

ties of time to get through with the social demand, and still find leisure to devote to numberless fads. Most of the attachés of the European legations are fond of the saddle, and are often to be seen with their feet in the stirrups, particularly in the hunting season. Next to horseback, tennis is a favorite amusement. The national American game is nowhere, and it has not a devotee among the legations, probably because it happens to be really American. But in tennis the members of the Italian, French and British legations fairly revel.

The tennis court at the British legation, in the rear of the red and green castle on Connecticut avenue, is never empty on a pleasant day, and the most ardent devotee of all is the stately British minister, whom to see in the solemnity of the legation coach one would as soon accuse of football as of tennis.

Nevertheless, Sir Julian Pauncefote is always on hand for his afternoon game. He is a thing of beauty in his tennis suit. It is always strictly *de rigueur*. He never stoops to the negligé shirt and rolling collar of his young

opponents ; he looks as if he had just emerged from the hands of the haberdasher and the laundryman.

White flannels fit his diplomatic British figure to perfection. The coat is tightly buttoned, and a soft, gray, felt hat extends from corner to corner of his head. His starched high collar and rigid necktie cause surprise.

Sir Julian never stoops for a ball. He hits the ball, puts one hand in his pocket, straightens up and waits to see what happens next. Generally one of the youngsters among the attachés, who looks dressed for such business, runs around until he finds the ball in the grass. When all the balls are located safely on the lawn the three other players enter upon a search while Sir Julian waits.

Senor Romero, the Mexican minister, has a useful fad that he does not hesitate to gratify ; he is especially fond of clocks. Every room in the legation contains one, and it takes a solid half day to wind them all up. There are clocks of all kinds from nearly all the countries

in the world, and if one of them is out of order Senor Romero is always very much concerned.

The Brazilian minister gets his amusement out of pictures. If Mendonca had not been a diplomat he would probably have been an artist, and he spends his leisure time in browsing about among old galleries and hunting for choice bits in out-of-the-way corners.

His house contains the finest collection of paintings to be found in any private establishment in Washington. It is known to many art lovers, and it is the apple of Senor Mendonca's eye. Every country of Europe is represented in this collection, which includes the first painting from the brush of Corot ever accorded a place on the walls of the Salon.

His son is an artist of considerable repute. He has done creditable work with the brush, and has a studio in the Catskills, which he occupies during the summer.

The Chinese legation has always been an object of curiosity in Washington, and the mysterious goings on in the house which the Celes-

tials inhabit are a never-failing source of wonder and speculation among those who are denied access to the charmed precinct. All sorts of tales find credence, and the more improbable they seem from the Caucasian point of view the better adapted they appear to be to the peculiar Mongolian character. Here is one which is said to be really true.

The monthly bills of the Washington Gas-light Company are printed on paper of a peculiar dirty yellow tint, which happens to be the exact hue of the Chinese emblem of mourning. The long strips are left regularly at the doors of all houses in the city, and at the Chinese legation along with the rest.

Just after the change in ministers the strip was left as usual in the vestibule of the legation, and, being carried to the new minister, affected him profoundly. It was evidently intended, he thought, as a notification of somebody's death, and as it was left at the legation door it doubtless indicated the bereavement of some family high in official life.

The minister at once gave orders to close the house. The usual instruments of mourning were brought out, the shutters were drawn, and

passersby for the remainder of the evening were regaled with a combination of curious noises, such as the Chinese only know how to utter when engaged in bewailing the dead.

Sir Julian Pauncefote is very careful how he allows his carriages to go out of his hands to be fixed and painted. He says that he was warned to do this before he left England by the late Sir John Crampton, who was once the English minister here. While Crampton was in Washington he sent his carriage to be repaired. When he went to see how the work had been done he was surprised to see several other carriages decorated with his coat of arms. The coach maker thus explained the mystery :

“When your carriage was here,” he said, “some of our citizens saw it and liked the pattern on it and reckoned they would have it painted on theirs as well.”

Mr. Ye, the Korean minister, is very short of stature and passionately fond of the theatre, which probably accounts for the dramatic character of this incident. His devotion to his wife

is very marked. He was driving with her in the Smithsonian grounds one day when the horses began to run. It became evident to the occupants of the carriage that it was about to be overturned, whereupon Mr. Ye, with great self-possession, leaned quickly forward, and snatching the glasses from his wife's eyes, threw them out of the window. He thus saved her from having the glasses broken in her eyes when she was thrown out of the carriage a moment later.

Senor Romero, the Mexican minister, is the most popular of all the diplomats in Washington. He is slight of stature, of dark complexion and at all times and on all occasions of a dignified appearance. To one thing he is strongly opposed, and that is the wearing of a uniform. When he appears at public receptions he dresses completely in sedate black, without sign or semblance of martial trappings and gewgaws which go to make up for some the chief attraction of the diplomatic service.

One secret of Minister Romero's popularity in Washington is the personality of Madame

Romero, who is an American by birth. The entertainments at the legation are in high favor, and it was at their house that the custom of giving afternoon Germans and dances was inaugurated. On Madame Romero's reception day as many as two thousand cards have been left, not all from society people either.

One day a woman in deep mourning presented herself, and after paying her respects to the receiving party, sat down on the stairway and staid there until after the last guest had departed. Then she arose and bade her hostess adieu.

"Pray, excuse me," she said. "I belong in Alabama, and I'm on my way home. I live the life of a recluse, though before the war I was gay enough. Seeing the crowds coming in here to-day it occurred to me that I never should see more of Washington at one look than I should by coming in. So here I am."

With her usual tact Madame Romero kept back the smile she felt coming, and merely said:

"I am glad you enjoyed yourself. Come out and get some refreshments."

Imagine the consternation of both hostess

and guest at the sight of a table bare as Mother Hubbard's cupboard, the uninvited guests, with the help of the invited, having left not a scrap of food behind. The butler explained :

"They all wanted lemonade, then punch, then tea from the samovar and chocolate from the gold pot, and scalloped oysters, ices, glacéd fruits and cakes, and some of them ate of everything. No wonder nothing is left."

"Oh, yes !" said Madame Romero, turning to the flowers on the table ; "they have not taken or eaten these," and she took down great bunches of American beauties and piled them up on the arms of her uninvited guest.

Senor Quesada, the Argentine minister, will be remembered in Washington for some time. A volume might be filled with his quaint sayings and expressions of aristocratic opinions. He was several years in Washington before he learned enough English to make himself understood, yet he had had several teachers. He tried a new one every few months, but he declared that he could never learn because he could not find a really good teacher—that is,

one to whom he could give his undivided attention.

One did not answer because she was pretty ; another was fascinatingly ugly ; but one was especially bad because her dress was a misfit in the back, and so horribly cut that it spoiled what might have been a good figure, and he was unable to look at the blackboard on which she wrote English words for his instruction so absorbed was he in contemplating her back. He could not stand anything so shocking to his aristocratic nerves, and so dismissed the teacher, although she was a noted instructor.

The Peruvian minister, Mr. Yrigoyen, lives with his wife in a quaint bijou house. It looks like a dainty doll's house, and is filled with Peruvian furniture. For a long time after coming to this country Mrs. Yrigoyen did not like the United States. It is only recently that she has got over her fear of a rain storm. Until coming to this country she had never seen rain, and the cloud-covering sky and the pattering drops filled her with alarm. It happened that her husband was out during the

first storm she encountered—a rain storm—and she, unable to speak or understand English, was almost panic-stricken.

Mavroyeni Bey, the young Turkish minister, aspires to be a society leader. A young hostess was issuing verbal invitations to her friends for an informal five-o'clock tea at one of the fashionable gatherings. The minister, overhearing her, smilingly begged that he might be included in the list, and at the same time called out to his secretary, who entered the room: "Monsieur Effendi, mademoiselle has asked me to tea with her at five o'clock tomorrow. Remember the engagement for me."

The following day the party met early in the afternoon at the White House, and, upon seeing his hostess-to-be, he crossed the room, saying: "Is it not this afternoon at five that I am to have the pleasure of taking tea with you?"

"I do not remember," was the response of the young lady. "Ask your secretary."

Not long ago Washington society was being discussed in all its phases over the walnuts and

wine by a party of wits, when one of the most cynical of the company capped the climax of criticism by suddenly interpolating: "Washington society can be briefly summed up in the four G's—giggle, gabble, gobble, go."

Baron Fava, the Italian ambassador, who was one of the group, said that on his recent trip to Italy he had been asked whether there was really any difference in Americans. "Oh, yes," was his reply; "there is a difference. Some are rich and some are not."

Baron A. von Saurma-Jeltsch, the new German ambassador, is not only a diplomat of a high order, but a student, deeply versed in scientific and archaeological lore. He belongs to an ancient Silesian family, and has a castle on the family estate near Breslau, which he keeps up and visits during his leaves of absence. The large park around the castle is full of game, and it affords fine fishing. The Emperor William has visited the Baron there, and has taken keen delight in the hunt in the adjacent mountains.

One of the interesting things at the German legation is the collection of photographs left there by Mr. Von Mumm, for a long time the German representative here. Von Mumm is an amateur photographer of great enthusiasm and much skill, and the result of his work in Washington is one of the most entertaining collections of up-to-date pictures to be found anywhere. There are about a dozen and a half large albums. One is worth a couple of hundred dollars, and there are plenty of people in Washington who would gladly give double that sum for its contents, since it contains likenesses of numerous society belles, who, in unconventional attitudes, have been perpetuated by Von Mumm's camera.

The Chinese minister is popular, especially with women. He distributes gifts with a generous hand, and, like all the members of his legation, he is fond of young society girls, the younger the better. At a reception one afternoon his almond eyes fell upon the little vivacious, ten-year-old grand-daughter of Senator Palmer.

The minister immediately asked for an introduction to the little maiden, and devoted himself to her while he remained at the reception. Everybody crowded about, but all unconcerned, through his interpreter, he carried on an interesting conversation with the equally unembarrassed little girl. The grown-up ladies were unnoticed by him.

Next day the minister's carriage drew up in front of Senator Palmer's door and an attaché delivered to the child a packet containing six exquisite silk handkerchiefs, embroidered in the highest style of Chinese art, and two little chests of the kind of tea which Chinese gods, on a Chinese Olympus, make Chinese nectar of.

IN THE MILLIONAIRES' CLUB.

SENATOR GALLINGER, of New Hampshire, once had eulogies adopted upon his noble character on the supposition that he was dead. During his early manhood Gallinger, while studying medicine in Ohio, passed his leisure moments in acting as a compositor in a printing office in Cleveland. He joined a typographical union and became one of its leading members.

When he first came to Washington, as a member of the House, he encountered one day a man from Ohio whom he knew in his printing days. The man looked at him with the greatest amazement, and rubbed his eyes as if he were looking upon a ghost.

He informed Mr. Gallinger that the typographical union to which he belonged had received in some way the news of his death, and had thereupon passed the most laudatory resolutions extolling his character and good qualities.

Kyle, the Alliance Senator from South Dakota, has seen a varied career. While studying theology at Oberlin he met a young French lady, who was at college in the same town. The two fell in love with each other, and as soon as she completed her musical education he married her. Young Kyle then started out to preach. His wife followed his fortunes among the Mormons of Utah, among the gold diggers of Colorado and the cowboys of the Western ranches. Wherever he thought it was his duty to go as a missionary preacher she went with him, and she was with him in Aberdeen, South Dakota, where he was preaching at the time he was elected to the Senate.

“What is your amusement?” Senator Peffer was asked. “Well,” he said, negatively, “I don’t attend theatres, nor base ball, nor dog fights, nor cock fights, nor horse races; I don’t play cards, I don’t play billiards.” Then he took in his hand as much of his fuscous mahogany beard as he could grasp, and added, after a minute: “I get the most real fun in playing with the children in the street.”

Wolcott is the *enfant terrible* of the Senate, and manages to shock the staid Senators regularly several times a week. With his portly form, young face, and short, blonde moustache, "Ed" Wolcott, as he is familiarly called, is the wildest boy in the chamber, the most independent and reckless fellow that has been there in years.

True as steel, fearless as the conventional wicked one himself, and absolutely without caution or tact; flowery in word and graceful in gesture, he is a born orator, and can hold the attention of the Senators and galleries when speaking as can no one of his associates.

Wolcott has more clothes than any other man in Washington. He is constantly appearing in new garments, and the closets of his residence are filled with those that he has cast away. He throws his garments aside after wearing them a couple of weeks or so, and orders new ones. All his clothes are made by a New York tailor, and his bill there runs up into the thousands each twelve months.

But he and his wife are each worth millions, and such trifles amount to little in his bank account.

Senator Cockrell never carries an umbrella. The harder it rains the better he likes it.

He simply shakes himself like a water spaniel when he gets to the Capitol during a big storm, and that is the end of it.

Vest presented him with an umbrella once, but the great objector has never opened it to this day.

"I wonder why Vest wanted to give me that thing!" he remarked, contemptuously. "Is he afraid I am going to spoil?"

Senator Hill certainly has one good characteristic, and that is his interest in young men and the manner in which he helps them along. He has educated a number of boys. While he was Governor a lad, named Pierce, lived with him at the Executive Mansion and studied medicine at his expense. The young man is now practicing his profession. Hill has several boys whom he is now putting through college, and he spends a good-sized amount every year in paying the educational expenses of those who cannot pay the necessary money themselves.

There are several members of the Senate who have a considerable practice before the Supreme Court in addition to their duties of statesmanship, and, curiously, about all these Senators are from the Pacific coast. In the number of cases before the Supreme Court, Senator Mitchell, of Oregon, probably leads, with his colleague, Senator Dolph, a close second. These two Senators are invariably employed on one side or the other of every Oregon case that comes before the Supreme Court. Wolcott, of Colorado, has argued a good many cases, while Stewart, of Nevada, is an expert on mining law, and has a large practice in that line.

Senator Dolph knows silver and all about the West, but he is not up in literature. Not long ago he introduced a bill for the relief of a gallant Union soldier, named Private Mulvaney. Manderson went over to him, and remarked: "I am very glad that you introduced that bill, Dolph. Mulvaney and I are old friends."

"Is that so?" responded the Oregon statesman. "I am pleased that you take an interest

in him, and I hope that you will vote for the bill. I don't know him myself, but he has been highly recommended to me, and it seems to be a most deserving case."

"Yes," replied the wicked Manderson, "Mulvaney is the best fellow that ever lived, a lively, fighting, big-hearted, lovable, humorous Irishman. You will be surprised to know how often I have spent the days and nights with him in the camp, and how much I enjoyed it. By the way," he continued, "I have another friend you ought to know. His name is Kipling—Rudyard Kipling."

"Never heard of him," said Dolph, as he turned away; "but if you are going to introduce a bill for his relief let me know. I'll help you all I can."

There are very few subjects on which Senator Stewart does not entertain violent opinions. He used the word "intrinsic" in a peculiar sense in one of his speeches, and Senator Dolph ventured the suggestion that Webster did not sanction such a usage.

"Webster! What Webster?" growled the Senator from Nevada.

"Webster's dictionary," responded the mild-mannered Dolph.

"Webster's dictionary!" repeated Stewart, in a tone of profound contempt. "I never want to have that book quoted to me again. Why, every schoolboy in America knows that it is nothing but a jumble of words."

Young Dubois, of Idaho, is making a great record for himself. He looks like a boy, and that makes his bright sallies and sarcastic flings at some of the venerable grandmothers of the Senate all the more effective. There is a Western breeziness about him that reminds one of Wolcott.

George Frisbee Hoar feels toward both of them as the benevolent old gentleman felt toward the boy who went about leaving bent pins in the seats of available chairs.

Senator Vance had a curious experience in one of his stumping trips in his own State. He

and a small road circus struck Wilksboro, North Carolina, the same day. The proprietor of the circus, with an eye to business, thought that the Democratic mass meeting would interfere with his performance. So he boldly went to Vance and asked him if he would address the crowd from the circus ring under the tent and on top of the lion's cage, and thus combine the two shows.

Vance thought it would be a good joke and consented. So the proprietor had a clown mount a chair outside the door and yell out this announcement :

“Step this way, ladies and gentlemen ; here is the greatest show on the face of the globe. Not only is the show in itself a whole complement of wonders and an aggregation of talent never before collected together under one name, one roof, or on one stage, but it presents to-night an additional feature.

“Step right up, ladies and gentlemen ; do not be afraid. The lions are caged and the monkeys are harmless. As I have remarked, we have an attraction to-night which eclipses all the wonders of heaven, and sinks into utter oblivion all the freaks of earth. This great

feature, ladies and gentlemen, is a real live United States Senator, who will address the crowd from the top of the lion's cage.

"Step right up. Tickets only twenty-five cents. We have reduced the price one-half, so that all can hear and see the great anti-civil service reform Senator, Zebulon B. Vance. Step up. Step up, step up, and don't be bashful."

This announcement filled the tent. After the regular show the lion's cage was drawn out into the middle of the ring. A stepladder was placed before it and three chairs were placed on top. Then Senator Vance mounted this rostrum and delivered his speech. It was a great success. The people were delighted. When the Senator became prosy the lion in the cage below grew somewhat restless and claimed the attention of the audience.

The district went heavily Democratic, and all because of Vance's speech.

Vice-President Stevenson has two fads. One of them is not keeping his shoes blacked. His other is an unwillingness to wield the gavel.

He has always had a horror of a gavel with a regular handle, and back in the days when he presided over small meetings in his own State he would use his cane or umbrella in preference.

He has carried this feeling into the Senate chamber, and refuses to use the regular ivory gavel which has called the Senate to order for many years. Of course, in the Senate chamber he cannot use an umbrella to preserve order; so he has a straight piece of ivory without a handle of any kind, and with this unique piece of desk furniture he pounds the sounding board in front of him.

Senator Anthony Higgins, of Delaware, like most people of that small State, has sporting blood in his veins. He also has Scotch-Irish blood, and his Scotch-Irish rather predominates. He has too much thrift to allow himself to be the victim of bookmakers.

Still he is very fond of the races, and attends on every possible occasion. He has an unique way of betting, and is his own bookmaker. He picks out his horse in every race and bets

whatever he thinks he can afford. But the bet is laid with himself.

He carries two rolls of bills, one in each of his trousers' pockets. He bets from the roll in his right-hand pocket against the roll in his left-hand pocket, which represents the book. If the horse which he has bet upon loses he simply increases the roll in the left-hand pocket, and *vice versa*.

He says he can get up just as much interest and have as much fun on a race in this way as if he were to bet direct with some of the book-makers.

Cameron is the haughtiest man in the Senate. He makes no effort to be on good terms with his fellows ; he does not even want their company. When there is an important matter under consideration on the floor, and all the Senators are in their seats, he will go off and sit alone in the Republican cloak-room. He is very fond of his own company, and seeks it on all occasions.

He troubles the Senate very seldom. The most of the time that Congress is in session he

is away from Washington, and is in his seat but a few days at a time. He never makes a speech, and, in fact, his voice is never heard on the Senate floor except in motions to adjourn. This is his specialty, the making of motions to adjourn.

He looks as haughty as he is, and dresses his tall figure as if he were a very young man.

HEARD IN THE CLOAK-ROOM.

SENATOR WOLCOTT, of Colorado, tells a story of a man who, while travelling in a parlor car between Omaha and Denver, fell asleep and snored so loudly that every one in the coach was seriously annoyed. Presently an old gentleman approached the sleeper, shook him, and brought him out of his slumber with a start.

"What's the matter?" he exclaimed.

"Why, your snoring is annoying every one in the car," said the old gentleman, kindly.

"How do you know I am snoring?" queried the source of the nuisance.

"Why, we can't help but hear it."

"Well, don't believe all you hear," replied the stranger, and went to sleep again.

Speaker Crisp and John R. Fellows, of New York, were talking over war times in the Speaker's room. "I remember," said Crisp, "that in Fort Donelson, when I was a prisoner

there, another prisoner, named Colonel Fellows, from Arkansas, was regarded by us as a great orator, and he used to make speeches to us two or three times a day."

Fellows' face broke out into a smile. "I was that Colonel Fellows," he said; "and now that you recall it I remember you. You were a young chap about seventeen or eighteen years old, were you not?"

"Yes," said the Speaker; "and you told us not to take the oath until we knew for a certainty that the entire Confederate army had surrendered."

"I never did take the oath," was Colonel Fellows' reply. "I held that I owed my allegiance to the Confederate government and not to General Lee. I went out on parole, and I never have taken the oath except as an officer of the government."

The Speaker took the oath after the war, and Colonel Fellows said that he had been better treated by the federal government than by the Mugwump Democrats.

Senator Frye, of Maine, is a great stickler for the inviolability of executive secrets. When

Stanley Matthews' name was sent in by President Hayes for Justice of the United States Supreme Court Mr. Frye was one of those who declared that he would not vote for his confirmation. Finally Matthews was confirmed by just one vote. There was great curiosity to know just how each Senator had voted. The newspaper correspondents figured out how each Republican voted except Frye; they were unable to place him. To go to him directly and ask him would only be to invite a rebuff, so they resorted to strategy. One of them, who was a close friend of the Senator's, undertook the task of surprising his secret. He went up to the Senator and remarked, in the most casual manner:

"Well, Frye, you are a fine man, aren't you?"

"What's the matter?" inquired the Senator, sharply.

"Why, I thought you told me that you would not vote for Matthews' confirmation."

"Well, I didn't vote for him," was the indignant reply.

"Thank you, Senator, that was all I wanted

to know," replied the newspaper man coolly, and walked off.

Secretary Gresham plays a very smooth game of poker, and it has helped him out in more than one case. When Oliver P. Morton called upon President Grant in the interest of a man whom he wished appointed United States district judge for Indiana, Grant asked: "What has become of young Gresham, who was a colonel as I remember him?"

"Oh, he is practicing law in Indianapolis!" said Morton.

"Well, I used to play poker with him during the war," said the President; "and I took quite a liking to him. He was a mighty good, cool poker player, and I believe he will make a good judge. So if you don't care I will appoint him to this place."

Morton did care, but he was too wise to make any objection, and so Gresham got his first federal appointment.

Senator Blackburn tells a good story, which illustrates the eagerness of the Southern negro

for office. The Senator was one day informed that "old Mose" had arrived from Woodford County, Kentucky, and was waiting to consult with him privately on "er 'portant mattah."

"Well, Mose," began Senator Blackburn, as the grinning African was ushered into his presence; "what brings you to Washington?"

"Mars' Joe," replied Mose, impressively, "I'se got 'portant bus'ness, sar. I wants er orfice."

"You want an office. Why, Mose, what can you do?"

"Do, Mars' Joe? What does everybody do dat's got er orfice? Bless yer heart, Mars' Joe, yer don't un'erstand old Mose. I hain't look-in' fo' work, sah; I only wants er orfice."

Senator Blackburn, with as much seriousness as he could command, assured Mose that he was powerless to assist him to an "orfice," but that he might provide employment in some private concern. Old Mose's face fell, but soon brightened again.

"Well, Mars' Joe," said he, hopefully; "ef ye kain't get er orfice fo' me, sah, jes' hustle eroun' an' git me er pension. I ain't at all 'tickler, sah."

David B. Hill never allows himself to be caught with an interview when it doesn't exactly suit his convenience. A newspaper correspondent, who was sent to interview him on the political situation, found himself baffled, for the Senator kept him a full half hour without giving him a word that he could use. Finally, the reporter, in desperation, said he would like to ask the Senator a single question.

"That request reminds me of a story," said Hill. "A genuine Yankee came into New York State many years peddling tinware. He met a man with one leg and the stump of another. The peddler's curiosity was aroused at once. He determined to know how that man lost his leg, and, after scraping an acquaintance, said, pointing at the remnant of a limb:

" ' Been in the war ? ' "

"The one-legged man was sensitive and reticent. His reply was simply :

" ' No. ' "

"The Yankee then began to talk trade, but the lost leg was uppermost in his mind. Presently he said :

" ' Mebbe you lost it in a saw mill ? ' "

" ' No ; ' was again the answer.

“The peddler talked trade again, all the time keeping his eye on the reminder of another leg. At last he said :

“ ‘ I’d just like to ask you one question.’

“ ‘ Only one ? ’ said the man with the crutches.

“ ‘ Just a bare one.’

“ ‘ Well, go ahead.’

“ ‘ How did you lose your leg ? ’

“ ‘ It was bit off.’ ”

The moral of the story and the discomfiture were obvious.

Secretary Herbert tells a story about an old-fashioned justice of the peace down in Alabama. A man had been arrested, charged with an attempt at murder. The justice released him on \$1000 bond. The fellow jumped his bail and disappeared. His bondsman was sued in the Circuit Court for the amount of the bond. He employed Philip Murphy, one of the shrewdest lawyers in Alabama, to appear in his behalf. Murphy discovered that the bail bond had been drawn up and accepted on Sunday. Upon this fact he based his defense. The court-room was crowded with men who, knowing Murphy’s reputation, were eager to

hear his argument. Among them was the old justice of the peace who had accepted the bond. Murphy claimed that a bond drawn up and accepted on Sunday was not valid.

"Sunday," said he, "is a *dies non* in the parlance of the law. I repeat it, your honor," he shouted, addressing the court, "Sunday is a *dies non juridica—juridica—juridica.*"

At each repetition of the word "*juridica*" he raised his voice until it sounded like a peal of thunder. The old justice of the peace was deeply impressed. To his astonishment the court declared that the bond was invalid.

About a month afterward a prominent citizen was brought before the same justice charged with an attempt at murder. A well-known lawyer was at his side. Turning to the justice, he said :

"If your honor pleases, we will waive examination, and ask that my client be held to bail to await the action of the grand jury."

"That can't be done," the justice replied. "He must go to jail. I'll accept no bond."

"But, your honor," the counsel said, "you have no right to refuse bail. The law requires that you shall accept it."

"Not much," the justice answered. "I've had one of my decisions reversed by the Circuit Court, and I don't intend to give them a second chance. It was just such a case as this. I commit your client without bail."

"You will do nothing of the kind, your honor," was the lawyer's response. "We have our bonds ready, and insist that you shall accept them as the law requires."

At this the gorge of the old justice arose. He began to scowl at the lawyer.

"Do you think I am a dum fool," he blurted out; "and that I learn nothing from experience? If I accept your bond and your client runs away Phil Murphy will go up to the Circuit Court, run his fingers through his hair, and holler, 'Joe Ridica' three times, and the judge will reverse my acceptance. No, sir; your client must go to jail."

And to jail he went.

While the debate on the Wilson tariff bill was proceeding in the House a daily visitor to the galleries was Henry George, the famous single tax theorist. He was very much in evi-

dence, as he occupied a front seat. His presence gave rise to an amusing incident in the members' lobby. Just after the House had voted to put all sugars on the free list, Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, met Representative "Joe" Hendrix, of Brooklyn:

"Well, this is free trade with a vengeance!" said Sibley.

"Free trade nothing. It's hell!" indignantly responded Hendrix. "Do you know who's running things in there?"

"Well, it seems to be the free traders just at present," was Sibley's reply.

"No, it isn't the free traders in there," said Hendrix; "it's Henry George up in the gallery. They run up and receive their orders and then come down and carry them out. The condition of things reminds me of the Irishman who was riding a mule. By some means the animal got a hoof fast in the stirrup, observing which the Irishman remarked: 'Faith, and if yez are going to get intil the saddle I'll climb down.'"

Secretary Gresham's manner is sometimes irritable and domineering, even when he in-

tends to be amiable and to do a kindly act. Judge Thompson, who was first assistant when Gresham was Postmaster-General, gives a case in point.

One day while he was talking to a newspaper correspondent the Postmaster-General came in. He asked what had become of the case of the postal clerk arrested for embezzlement out West. The name of the man was N——.

"He is held for trial," said Thompson. "He has had a preliminary examination."

"Well, I want you to telegraph the District Attorney and order the case dropped," said the Postmaster-General.

Thompson gasped. "That is impossible, General," he said. "The matter is in the hands of the District Attorney. We have nothing more to do with it."

"But I want the case dismissed," said the Postmaster-General.

"I must respectfully decline to do so," said Thompson. "The evidence against the man is unquestionable. He was found with a number of decoy letters in his pocket. There can be no doubt about his guilt."

"I know all about that man," said Gresham, impatiently.

"Then you will have to issue the order," said the assistant. "I refuse to take the responsibility. It would be a stain on my record."

"You can say that you act by the order of the Postmaster-General," said Gresham. "Telegraph the District Attorney that the Postmaster-General instructs you to have the case nolledd."

Thompson could not refuse to do this, and the telegram was sent. The newspaper correspondent, who had sat quietly listening to the interview, was surprised. As he left the department he met a reporter for a local paper, who had at one time lived in Indianapolis, and who had known Judge Gresham very well. His name was also N——. The correspondent stopped N—— and told him what he had heard. N—— turned white and then red.

"That was my brother," he said. "I saw Judge Gresham about his case yesterday, and he promised to have it dismissed."

Senator Gorman is a great joker, and very fond of having his joking take a practical turn. He had the tables turned on him, however, at Saratoga, where he was resting and drinking spring water with Senator Smith, of New Jersey, during one of the summer months. He had been playing his pranks on Smith, and the Jerseyman determined to get even with him.

It seems that some time before the newspapers told how Senator Gorman, while in Saratoga, went out every morning to play ball with his son. The Maryland Senator was in the habit of playing ball in the evening, but as a number of people thought that he deserved a great deal of credit for being an early riser, he did not make any correction of the report, and seemed to be very glad to have it supposed that he got up with the sun.

Senator Smith ascertained that Gorman was a late sleeper, and one night proposed that he should join him in the game of ball the next morning at five o'clock.

"All right," said Senator Gorman, who did not want to give himself away. "As soon as you send for me I will come over to the hotel office

and join you. We will then go and have a game."

Instead of getting up himself the next morning and sending for his Maryland colleague, Senator Smith left a note with the night clerk of the hotel, with instructions that he should send it over to Senator Gorman's room at five o'clock.

The note was delivered to the Senator, and he made his appearance in the hotel office dressed ready for his game of ball, while the New Jersey Senator was taking a deep, morning nap.

Senator Murphy, of New York, is a daring horseman. A few years ago he entered into a contest with a party of friends to drive a race from Saratoga to Troy. The last person to arrive in Troy was to pay for a wine dinner. The distance is thirty-five miles, and the gentlemen did not start from Saratoga until six o'clock in the evening, so that before they arrived at their destination it was pitch dark.

The driving just outside of Troy is very dangerous, even in the daytime, and when it is dark it is as much as a person's life is worth

to drive over some of the roads which run alongside the canal and river.

On this occasion all the other contestants got together and agreed that they would leave their horses and buggies at one of the towns near Troy and ride home on the train. Senator Murphy, however, was made of sterner stuff, and he continued on his drive to Troy, arriving there without mishap, and the only one of those who started in the contest.

Last winter Murphy was still more daring as a driver. He started to drive a race against one of his sons on the ice down the Hudson River. It was a bitterly cold day, and after driving a short distance his hands became numb, and he was unable to hold the reins.

The ice on the river was covered with snow, and the Senator knew that he could throw himself out of the sleigh on the snow without any particular injury. The horse was a great favorite, and he determined to remain in the sleigh whatever happened. Suddenly he remembered that within less than half a mile down the ice had been cut, and that if he

did not quickly get his horse under control the animal would surely plunge into the water and be drowned.

The Senator had but a minute in which to try to get the blood circulating sufficiently in his fingers to enable him to move them. By squeezing his hands between his knees he succeeded in getting some control of his fingers.

Just as the horse was within a few feet of the ice-cut the Senator succeeded in wrapping the right rein about his body, and by giving a quick turn he jerked the animal aside in time to avoid plunging into the river by a margin of only a few feet.

Senator Gray, of Delaware, spent part of last summer abroad. Mrs. Gray accompanied him.

On a steamboat on Lake Lucerne he encountered Senator Vance. The North Carolina Senator came up behind him as he stood near the rail by the side of Mrs. Gray, and, touching him on the shoulder, greeted him cordially. When the usual greetings had passed between them, Senator Vance asked :

“Well, as Sandy said, are you travelling for pleasure, or is the good wife along?”

Senator Jones, of Nevada, in his delightful way illustrates with a story the difficulty which some of his fellow-Senators experience in explaining their sudden conversion from life-long advocacy of free silver coinage to gold monometallism. The Senator related the story during the special session of Congress when the administration was trying to force through the repeal of the purchasing clause of the Sherman law.

In a New England village there lived a drunken horse jockey, who had a hare lip and was born without a palate, and who was naturally very sensitive as to his deformity. His name was Tilman Tremble, and one winter there was a great revival, in the course of which Tremble was brought to the mourner's bench.

His groans and physical symptoms of an awakened conscience were terrible to witness. Finally a calmer mood prevailed, and it was announced that Brother Tremble would speak at the Wednesday night prayer-meeting of his experience and conversion. The time came, and the meeting was crowded. The plucking of this particular brand from the burning was a

great justification of good works. The brother arose and said :

“’Rethren hn hihter. You all know hme. I have hived hmong you all hmy hays. I have holen, hied and heated. I have been hrunk half the hime. I have hroken all the hom-manhmenth, but I am now hoin’ to head a hehher hife.”

Just then a good sister over in the amen corner rose and said : “We are all so glad that Brother Tremble has given up the devil and all his works and come over to the Lord’s side, and we all want to give him a helping hand, but will he please speak a little louder.”

Brother Tremble got a little red in the face and started in again :

“’Rethren hn hihter. I have hived ahong you all hi hays. I have heen a hiherable hin-ner, huh now I have reholved to hive a hehher hife.”

He was interrupted by a good old man, one of the pillars of the church, a father in Israel, who rose from beneath the pulpit with his hand to his ear and said :

“We are now witnessing the power of salvation. Brother Tremble’s conversion will be

the cause of waking many sinners from their sins and bringing them into the fold, but will he speak a little louder and a little plainer?"

Brother Tremble's eyes flashed fire. The violence of his emotions impeded his utterance, but he choked them down and began again as loud as he could shout:

"'Rethren hn hihter. I have heen a hear-hul hinner all hy hay, huh I have reholved to head a hrihtian hife. Ham your old souls, han you unherhan hat?"

ORATORICAL ODDITIES.

BOURKE COCKRAN is the orator of the House. His manner and presence are a study. He tapers from the head down, and looks like an inverted pyramid balancing itself unsteadily on its peak, and he seems constantly in imminent danger of toppling over into the aisle. As he begins to speak he gazes about him with sleepy eyes as if unconscious of the peril of a poise which keeps the House and galleries nervously expectant of a catastrophe.

The Tammany orator always begins his oratorical efforts with hands plunged wrist deep into his pockets. Then as the flow of words becomes more easy out comes the right, emphasizing the rolling brogue with an occasional little deprecatory wave, vaguely fluttering for an instant in mid-air. As the climax approaches the left follows the right into the open. The sentences come tumbling over each other, the arms begin to work up and down

like pistons, and the clenched fist lands periodically upon the desk with a resounding thump.

The machinery gathers speed, the wheels go round and round, the arms fly wildly in the air, the hands come together, sentence after sentence, with reverberating slaps, and the Tammany brave seems carried away like a camp-meeting exhorter with the fervor of his own eloquence. Then the machinery suddenly runs down, the big bulk collapses into the nearest seat, the half-closed eyes gaze dreamily at the ceiling and the performance is at an end.

Isidor Rayner, of Maryland, is another orator of the fervid type. His frenzy is the effervescence of his Hebrew blood. He pulls his sleeves to his elbows, prances up and down the aisle, charges on the Speaker and retreats upon the House, and works himself into a passion in a discussion of the dryest details of the rules of the House.

Benton McMillin ranks easily near the head of the vociferous orators. He boasts a voice that can be heard way out in the corridors when

the doors are closed, but a half hour of use breaks it down to a hoarse whisper. When he is speaking no other business can be transacted in the House. Members give up their letter writing and wait patiently for the storm to pass. All the chairs within a radius of a rod are cleared, and their occupants retire precipitately to the farthest corners of the hall. McMillin rushes up and down the aisle, pounding the desks remorselessly as they come within his orbit, leaning far forward in his zeal, and chasing his retreating associates with his stentorian voice. He is a picture of rude eloquence run wild.

After one of McMillin's impassioned outbursts Tom Reed's incisive nasal sentences come as a distinct relief. The Maine leader is never vociferous and never aims at eloquence. He rises lazily in his comical way and gazes soberly for an instant at the other side of the House. With his hands suspended indolently from the corners of his trousers' pockets by the thumbs he talks straight ahead, scarcely modulating his voice, and sometimes speaking for

five or ten minutes without indulging in a gesture of any description.

When he does gesticulate it is with the left arm, which he lifts menacingly and then lets fall, but his queer Shakespearean head grows red with the exertion at the most effective passages, and his home thrusts are usually accompanied with a peculiar crack in the voice that makes it almost inaudible, except to those who are near enough to catch every inflection.

On the Republican side of the House is a man with a mission, also with a tremendous responsibility. He is Johnson, of Indiana, a tall, gaunt, raw-boned man, with a beardless Gothic face, a large mouth and a lantern jaw swung loosely in its socket. His responsibility is in representing the district of Benjamin Harrison. His mission is to obtain justice for the Southern voters.

He is the untiring defender of the colored voter and the champion tail twister of the Confederate opossum. Upon several occasions Johnson has had very narrow escapes from personal encounters with members on account

of his enthusiastic oratory. He is perfectly fearless in what he says, and he is so sincere and reckless in his sarcasm and denunciation that some of the brigadiers from Dixie generally get fighting mad whenever he rises to speak.

Johnson's great characteristic, outside of his fearlessness, is the tremendous rapidity of his speech. He is the fastest talker in Congress, and, perhaps, the fastest talker that the House has seen since the days of Rufus Choate. He sometimes speaks three hundred words a minute, and he is the despair of reporters and the terror of listeners.

When he gets excited and voluble his frame shakes all over, like a corn sheller with an obstructed hopper, as if it were coming to pieces in the effort to deliver the words faster than the epiglottis could flutter. Even Andrew Devine, that prince of stenographers, who made his fame in the Beecher trial, has to take his chin off his hand when he reports Johnson.

Congressman Milliken, of Maine, has his name appear in the *Congressional Record* oft-

ener than any other man in Congress. In fact, there is not a day but what the faithful pencils of the stenographers represent him as taking part in the proceedings.

Whenever a member of the House makes a speech Milliken is certain to interrupt him by asking several questions, no matter whether the questions are of importance or not. These questions and their answers are, of course, taken down by the stenographers, and the next day in the report of the speech in the *Record* appears the name of Mr. Milliken.

All of the speeches made in the House are distributed in large numbers by the men who make them among their constituents. Consequently into every part of the country goes the name of Mr. Milliken, for there is no speech printed that does not contain his name and some questions asked by him.

Wilson, of Washington, is the emery wheel of the House.

His voice has the rasping sound of a file, and when he is trying to catch the Speaker's eye he works himself into an anticipatory vibra-

tion and whirl. His favorite play, however, is to spring into the midst of an adversary's sentence unannounced, with a buzz and a whirr and a revolving movement that carries havoc to the most carefully-turned argument.

Wilson has a way of saying things that catches the fancy of the House. By a single one of his lightning interpolations he has fixed on "Charlie" Tracey, of New York, the sobriquet of "Cuckoo" Tracey for the rest of his political life.

It was the day the silver repeal bill passed the House, and a few days after Morgan had said in the Senate that "the clock strikes at the White House and the Cuckoos here stick their heads out of their boxes to tell us the time of day."

The speechmaking was all done, and Tracey got a minute in which to wind up. He assumed an air of great solemnity, and proceeded in patronizing tones to thank everybody who had aided him in the passage of the bill. He wound up grandiloquently with the declaration that he and those who acted with him had "followed the lead of the man who, by a great majority, had been elected President of the

United States—Grover Cleveland.” As he sat down, flushed with excitement, Wilson chirped out from the other side of the House, “Cuckoo! Cuckoo!” and the echo was lost in a chorus of jeers.

Speaking of oratory, the most extraordinary exhibitions of the art are those given by Marriott Brosius, of Pennsylvania, in the House. Brosius has made a special study of elocution, and at one time was an instructor in a college of oratory.

He says that one man came to him after listening to one of his political speeches and declared that he would gladly give a million dollars if he only possessed such power of expression. Brosius is always sure of an audience when he speaks, because he has a faculty of waxing eloquent over the most uninteresting themes. He can throw fervor and passion into a discussion of the multiplication table.

California has at last surprised the Senate with a pair of orators. It had been a silent State so long that the memory of man ran not to the contrary. But now White and Perkins

form an oratorical combination which is both unique and hard to beat.

White bears a close resemblance to ex-President Harrison. He has the same style of beard and one of about the same color, and he is nearly of the same height. When he makes a speech the resemblance is still more noticeable, for he has a great many of the little tricks of gesture and mannerisms that Harrison uses. He is a businesslike talker, like the ex-President, and has a Harrisonian faculty of using the proper words in the proper place. White is a cousin of Bourke Cockran's and has some of that gentleman's oratorical gift.

Nobody seems to understand how Perkins developed his faculty of speech. He was brought up on a "Down East" farm, served as a sailor before the mast and then grew wealthy as a ship chandler.

He has the style of a Methodist preacher and the suggestion is emphasized by a ministerial face, a closely-buttoned frock coat, a peculiar wagging of the body in gesticulation and a choice collection of catchy pulpit expressions.

“Mr. Speaker, I object.” This is a sentence which is heard nearly every hour that Congress is in session, and none of the members or no one in the galleries is compelled to look to see who is the author of the remark. It is and can be no other than Judge Holman, of Indiana, the “watch dog of the treasury,” who spends his time when out of Congress in devising how appropriations can be cut down and during Congress in objecting to every favor that the members ask of the House.

To see his tall, spare form rise slowly but emphatically from his prominent seat, and his sallow, withered face, with its straggling, gray full beard, relax from its stolid expression as the great American objector shifts his tobacco from one cheek to the other and proceeds in his terse, indistinct and passionless little speech, is to see one of the most unique sights in Congress and one of the most memorable sights in public life.

Economy is his pillar of cloud by day and his pillar of fire by night. To this subject he devotes his every energy and upon it he makes his every speech.

There is only one orator of the old style in the Senate now. This is Daniel, of Virginia. He is the only one of the eighty-eight who retains to perfection the Columbian swing and balance in his sentences, arranges his rhetorical climaxes and develops exordiums and perorations.

Down in his own country, where the people still retain a love for the classical style, Daniel is regarded as a superb orator, and they are intensely proud of him, but in the Senate his facility does not always gain him the rapt attention which such flights of eloquence would have commanded in the days before the war.

“Joe” Blackburn is an excellent illustration of the difference between the style of oratory which takes in the House and that which is effective in the more sedate and scholarly “upper branch.” During his service as a representative his fiery eloquence used to take the House by storm. He would rouse that body to the highest pitch of enthusiasm with his splendid bursts of impassioned invective,

denunciation and appeal, but since his promotion to the Senate he has subsided into silence.

Such an outburst as the one with which he electrified the House during the historic conflict over the approval of the findings of the Electoral Commission would be received in the Senate with chilly indifference, or perhaps with a tolerant smile. It would be regarded there very much in the light in which the Supreme Court would regard the effort of a lawyer who ventured to harangue them after the manner he had been accustomed to adopt toward a petit jury.

One of the most delightful speakers in the Senate is Vest, of Missouri. He is piquant, aggressive, epigrammatic and always intensely in earnest. His condensed, pugnacious face and figure, which give him very much the appearance of a lively bull terrier, are reflected in his method of debate; and his mental agility makes him an ugly antagonist on the floor. Withal, there is a significant gleam in his eyes which shows how thoroughly he enjoys his oratorical bouts.

Cockrell, of Missouri, is one of the picturesque talkers of the Senate. He is the counterpart of the traditional Uncle Sam in face and figure, and if anybody ventures to interrupt him in debate he springs upon the intruder with the impetuosity of a game cock in battle.

He leans with his gaunt form far over till he nearly loses his balance, and shakes his fist excitedly in the very face of his antagonist.

He is like lightning in retort and like a windmill in action, intolerant of contradiction and frenzied in utterance.

But when he seems to be in a very paroxysm of rage his temper is more likely than not to be as mild and sunny as a midsummer morning.

Hill has a style of debate that catches the galleries every time. He talks straight to the mark and wastes no words. He strikes back with an airy intrepidity and confidence that make him seem to be constantly getting the better of the argument.

There are few things in debate so effective as the way in which Hill pounces upon the conjunction "but." He states a proposition

so clearly that you can see it standing out in the air before your eyes. Then he pauses for the infinitesimal part of a second, jerks suddenly back, lets his right arm spring up to a level with the shoulder, ejaculates the "but" as if he had wrapped a whole proposition in the single monosyllable, then pauses again, poised in the air for an instant, and rushes upon his conclusion with such overwhelming force that even without understanding a word of it you must feel that it is crushing, complete and unanswerable.

The only man in the House who can in any measure approach Johnson in the rapidity of speech is Catchings, of Mississippi, whose usual rate is about two hundred and twenty words a minute.

A remarkable thing about Catchings, however, is that he has the reputation of being very deliberate, and he is never considered, except by the stenographers who take his report, to be a rapid talker. His language flows so evenly, with such clearness of pronunciation, without any attempt at oratorical effect, that stenographers who have been unable to keep up with

speeches falling below two hundred words a minute have never experienced the least difficulty in getting every word he says.

Unquestionably Bryan, of Nebraska, is one of the orators of the House. He is striking in appearance, being greatly favored by nature in oratorical gifts, and he made his mark in debate as soon as he entered Congress. He is the living image of Samuel J. Randall.

He has the art of speaking with his audience, not to them, and, above all, the art of being natural. He has a very pleasing voice and handles it with great skill. One of his strongest points is his power of retort, and woe to the unlucky individual who endeavors to interrupt him. His wife is a great help to the young Nebraska orator. She assists him in most of his speeches, does a great deal of reading for him, and spends much of her time in collating that which will be useful to her husband in his work.

He fell in love with her while he was in college. She was a classmate of his and won prizes in English, while he was winning fame

as a college orator. By a curious coincidence it was Bryan's birthday when he made the speech on the tariff question in Congress which gave him fame.

Bryan learns by heart every important speech that he makes, and for days before the time for delivery he goes out into the woods, outside the city, and delivers it to the trees and the sky.

Bryan is a great admirer of dramatic effect. Whenever he makes a speech of any length he has all his accessories carefully arranged beforehand.

SNAP SHOTS AT RANDOM.

ADLAI STEVENSON was travelling on a Pullman car out West two or three years ago. It was before he had become a Vice-Presidential possibility, and while his only distinction was that of having been the headsman of the first Cleveland administration. Editor Rosewater, of the Omaha *Bee*, was on the same car.

Rosewater, who is a little fellow, was making his toilet in the dressing-room when he noticed a big man with a red face at the next bowl vigorously splashing himself with water. Suddenly the big man turned around.

"Have a drink!" he exclaimed, in a voice that sounded to Rosewater like a roar. The editor did not know his companion and he seldom indulges. But he had a wholesome respect for the other's physical proportions, and he meekly followed him back into the car. The big one hauled out a flask from his pocket.

"My name is Stevenson," he said; "what's yours?" And then each proceeded to take a pull. It was the beginning of a friendship that has lasted ever since.

Tom Reed was lounging down Fifteenth Street in an especially good-natured frame of mind when a wild-eyed admirer, who had taken a drop too much, jumped out from a doorway and waving his hand familiarly gave him a drunken greeting. It was a startler, but the ex-Speaker sized the situation sensibly and waved his hand smilingly in return.

"After all," he remarked, reflectively; "your drunken man is the only really free man. So long as he isn't absolutely dangerous or obnoxious he does about as he pleases and nobody thinks of objecting. The rest of us are constantly cribbed, confined and confined."

"Joe" Sibley, of Pennsylvania, is one of the most popular men in the House. The six blooded horses which he brought with him from his big stock farm are things of beauty,

and they have to be exercised every morning before he goes to the Capitol.

No wonder he is in great demand. There is nothing which appeals to the Congressional imagination more effectively than a lively bit of horseflesh.

But Sibley would be popular even if he were compelled to walk to the Capitol daily. Geniality and responsiveness ooze out of every pore of his ministerial frame.

It is a great many years since he expounded good Methodist doctrine from the sacred desk, but he has never been able to divest himself entirely of the pulpit attitude and gait, and whenever he looks at you with those big, earnest eyes you feel instinctively that he is going to ask you to lead in prayer.

His friends say, however, that it is a great eye for a bluff, and that the past reverend never haggles over the ante.

M. C. Lisle, M. C., is the youngest member of the Kentucky delegation, and he comes within a month or two of being the youngest man in the House. He is a handsome speci-

men of a Kentuckian, and he represents one of the most peculiar districts in the United States. His own county is in the blue grass region, but the other counties are up in the mountains. When he stumped his district for election he had to do it on horseback, and he wound in and out among the mountains for weeks without seeing a railroad train or a hotel.

Three-quarters of his constituents cannot read or write, and Andrew Jackson gets more votes among them at every election than in any other district in the United States.

Dennis Flynn is the Republican delegate from Oklahoma. He represents the only Republican State or territory south of Mason and Dixon's line. He began life up in Buffalo only thirty-one years ago, and when he was a boy he used to sweep out law offices. He might have swept out Grover Cleveland's, but he didn't.

Flynn rode into Guthrie on the first train that carried the boomers, with a postmaster's commission in his pocket. He didn't know a person in the territory then, but they say he

can now call every man and boy by name. At any rate, he is the most popular man in Oklahoma, and has things pretty much his own way politically.

"Denny," as everybody calls him, has a slight boyish figure, a long clear-cut face, with strong aquiline nose and without the suspicion of a beard. His hair is black and so are his sparkling eyes. His wiry frame is stored full of electricity, and you cannot touch him without getting a shock.

"Charlie" Foster, the ex-Secretary of the Treasury, gave "Cal" Brice his first boost in business. He tells this about the Senator:

"When Brice went over to New York," he says, "and began to figure there as a great man, it rather took the breath away from those of us who had known all about him in Ohio. So the first time I met him after he became famous I quizzed him about it.

"'How do you manage it, Brice,' I asked; 'we never thought you were any great shakes out home.'

"'Oh, it's easy enough,' replied Brice. 'You

want to go on the assumption that ninety-nine people out of a hundred know as little about things as you do, and you are pretty sure to hit it right. Then you must pretend to know all about everything, and always give the impression that there's nothing you can't accomplish. Always say you can do anything that is suggested, even if you know nothing about it. And then go home and think up some way to do it, or else to do something which will answer as well. But the main point is always to know all about it.' "

The tallest member of the House is General Curtis, of New York. He stands nearly seven feet in height, and towers above his associates like the Washington monument above the roofs of the city. His shoulders are broad, his body is well proportioned and he looks like a modern giant. Heavy, long-flowing whiskers add to the picturesqueness of his personality.

In the war he performed wonderful deeds of valor and personal heroism. He was the hero of Fort Fisher, and lost an eye in that great struggle. He explains his wound in this way: He says that the Confederate general ordered

his men to frighten the Union soldiers by firing a volley over their heads. They fired over the soldiers' heads, but hit Curtis in the eye, and he bears the mark to this day.

Springer, of Illinois, hardly impresses one as a man who was born to be a great leader among men. His most prominent characteristic is his benevolent look, for he has an expression of goodness upon his long-bearded face that would be a fortune to any Sunday-school superintendent or bunco man. With his persuasive manner of speaking, his tall figure clad in a Prince Albert of stately black, his beaming smile and kindly glance, he looks as if he had just stepped out of a group picture of missionaries.

But he is emphatically a man of motion and energy. Nervous and excitable, restless and curious, he is constantly bobbing up and down in his seat, takes part in everything that is going on, even if it is only a motion to adjourn, and is the man of all others who attracts the attention of the galleries.

He never appears in the House without a red

carnation in his button-hole, and would regard himself as *en dishabille* without this flower.

Nebraska claims the honor of having the homeliest man in Congress. This is McKeighan, who is one of the Alliance members of the House. A friend and colleague of his said, with a touch of pride :

“ Yes ; our State has the homeliest Congressman. McKeighan doesn’t object in the least to allusions to the unattractive mold in which nature has seen fit to cast his physiognomy. He has become accustomed to it, and is inclined to wear his present physiognomy, if not as a decoration, at least as a kind of badge of distinction. His political lieutenant is Daniel Nettleton. He is also McKeighan’s lieutenant in the point of homeliness, and pushes his chief closely for first place. Why, in Nebraska we boast of having the three homeliest men in the United States. According to the popular idea Nettleton is one of them and McKeighan the other two.”

A group of Congressmen were discussing Judge Holman and a resolution he had just

offered in the interest of economy. Tom Reed brought a burst of applause by drawling out: "Yes; I know Holman is styled 'the watchdog of the Treasury,' but I know he never bites anything near home."

Reed is learning to use the typewriter. There is a machine in the Ways and Means committee room, and this is where he practices. He is becoming very proficient, and one day, after the Assistant Secretary of the Treasury had been telling the committee about the finances of the country, the ex-Speaker sat down to the typewriter and gave to Bourke Cockran the following very interesting opinion upon what he thought had been the result of the conference with the Democratic committee. Reed's opinion as written out by him was this:

=||=qwertySXBBBBBNMu?—m;y., "2fch3xXX

Culberson, of Texas, is the best lawyer in the House, and about the only one to which the title of "the silent statesman" can truthfully be applied. Culberson is a man who is always being heard, but who very seldom says anything himself. Nearly all his speeches are

made by others, while he sits quietly in his seat in the back row. There are twenty-five Democratic members of the House who do his oratorical work for him, and they do it unconsciously.

When he wishes to say something upon a certain subject he goes to one of these friends, talks to him about the matter and gives vent to his ideas, and at the next session of the House this man arises and gives utterance to the sentiment which Culberson has impressed upon his mind.

Culberson has defended every murderer of any account who has been tried in Texas for many years, and has never lost but one case of this kind, and that was where his client was lynched by the crowd during the progress of the trial. He is the guardian of the new members of the House, and is ready to help them at any time.

Congressman Kilgore, of Texas, has developed into a circus rider of the most sensational character. He is very fond of horseback riding, and now takes a new form of exercise in this direction. On his native plains

of Texas he practiced the art of bareback riding, and also of picking handkerchiefs and other small articles from the ground while going at full speed. He became proficient at this, and now gives exhibitions of his skill to his friends on the roads near Washington. With his white hair, massive white moustache and huge slouch hat he is a picturesque figure on horseback.

Tom Reed is not a believer in sudden sickness, especially when a man is called upon to do work. Dolliver, of Iowa, had made arrangements to speak in Rhode Island during the campaign in that State. But just before the time came for his departure he wished to go home, and tried to get out of his Rhode Island engagement. So he sent a telegram from Washington, stating that he was sick, and, therefore, could not come.

Reed happened to be in the Republican headquarters in Providence when the telegram was received, and it was handed to him. He read it, then slowly drawled out: "Telegraph back for him to come on at once. He isn't sick. If he were sick he wouldn't have tried

to describe his complaint in a telegram, or have used so many words about it."

That reply was sent back, and Dolliver went to Rhode Island.

If Senator Pasco, of Florida, should some day arise in his seat when a vote was being taken in the Senate and actually record himself on one side or the other the dignified Senators would be thrown into convulsions. Pasco is a man who never votes. Since he has occupied a seat in the Senate he has put himself on record fewer times than any other member of that body.

Not that he is not on hand, for he is always in his seat and very punctual, but he is always paired. He has such a good heart and philanthropic nature that whenever any Senator desires to arrange a pair with him he cannot bear to refuse the request, and he is imposed upon accordingly.

So whenever a yea and nay vote is taken the voice of the Senator from Florida is heard, as he rises from his seat and solemnly announces what everybody in the chamber knows before-

hand, that he is paired ; and a general smile plays upon the faces of his associates when he makes this announcement.

Any one who has an acquaintance with the features of the innocent-looking face of handsome Congressman Durburrow, of Chicago, will appreciate this story which he tells on himself.

He conducted a hard campaign for re-election, and during its progress some of his enthusiastic constituents had a fine lithograph with the Congressman's features printed and posted on every bill board and dead wall of the city. Along came the employees of a rival bill-posting concern sticking up the name of a coming farce comedy, and thereafter under every picture of Durburrow's face was this line in startling letters :

“INNOCENT AS A LAMB.”

Durburrow says that his widely-advertised innocence must have stood him in good stead, for he was re-elected by over eleven thousand in a district which usually sends a Republican to Congress.

LRBA₉'78

S.C





LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 010 231 751 8

